Vol. CXXIX. No. 1673.

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THE BYSTANDER, JANUARY 8, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, January 8, 1936

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The BYSTANDER

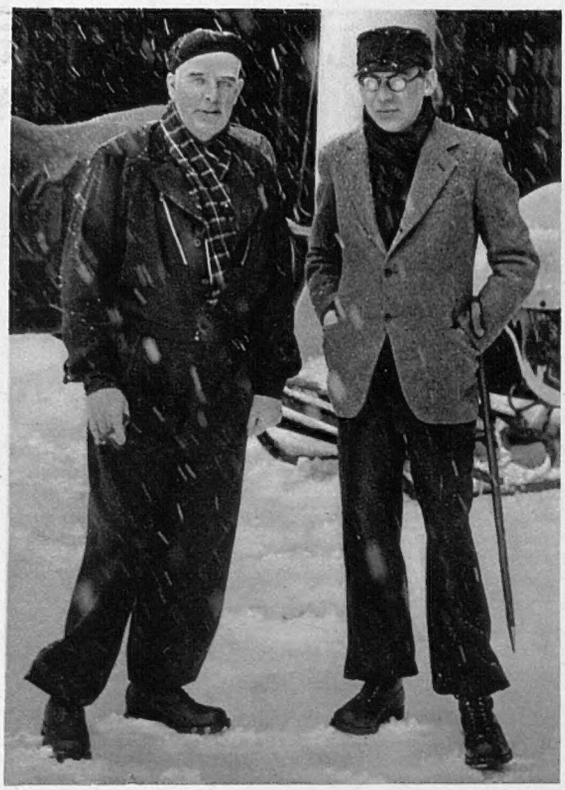
Swiss Family Holiday

Lady Plunket and Her Two Younger Sons

The whole Plunket family went to Switzerland for the Christmas holidays—Lord and Lady Plunket and their three sons. These two on the luge, with their mother as horse, are Robin, who is ten, and Shaun, who was born in 1931. The eldest of the trio is Patrick, who gets to that great public-school age of thirteen next birthday

The Best Kind of Snow-Booting

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Cornelius took a sleigh and went for a drive, which it's fun to do at one or two Swiss winter sports centres when a fit of laziness comes on. Mrs. Cornelius was Jessica Brown of the Ziegfeld Follies before she married Lord Northesk and then Vivian Cornelius



That's Real, Not Studio Snow

Robert Kane and Alexander Korda are two of the film celebrities who went to Switzerland for their Christmas holidays and found that it snowed and snowed (while at home it rained and rained)

No Yachting Cap

But one of the new double-breasted white wind-jackets instead: its wearer is Miss Sheilah Stephenson, daughter of the owner of the famous yacht "Velsheda." She and her family are all ski-ing at Davos

A Decoration Always

Miss Jasmine Bligh always looks decorative, and in her ski-ing suit very neat and workmanlike. She is one of the many—and, on the whole, wise—people who go on wearing trousers in spite of the plus-four offensive

The Snow is on

And the Lucky Ones

Refugees from Snowless Kitzbühl

Left: Digby Raeburn and Miss Ninette Heaton were at the Beddington-Behrens' huge party for the Oxford and Cambridge teams. He is ski-captain of Cambridge and raced in spite of a strained ankle. Ninette Heaton is the sister of Cresta-riding Jack Heaton

Right: Col. and Mrs. Leonard Ropner and Rodney Soher were at Kitzbühl for Christmas, but when the snow melted there they went like a flash to Davos to see about the Parsenn

the Mountains

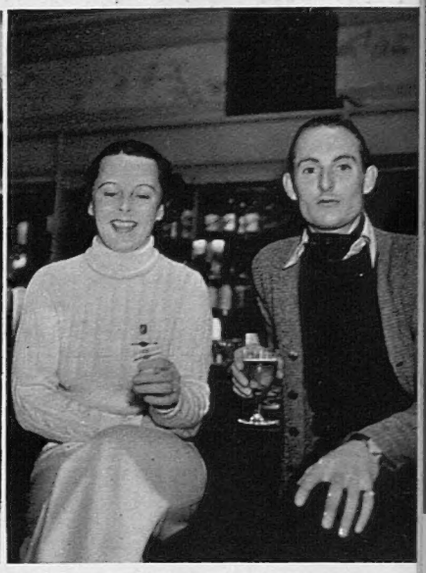
Are on the Snow

They Have the Expert Mürren Look

Miss Doreen Elliott, who has been captain of the British women's ski team three times, and Lady Raeburn, a well-known regular at Mürren, are both at that home of ski aristocrats again this year

Checked Cresta Riders

Above: Bill Harbord and his younger brother, Ralph, were restoring their strength after a day's ski-ing plus Cresta-riding in the early morning. They're from Yorkshire



Stars in the Bar

Above: Frau Specker, a Zurich member of Mürren's famous Kandahar Club, is with "Mouse" Cleaver, the Great Britain ski-er who is in training for the Olympic Games at Garmisch

Accordion-Playing Ski-Jumper

Right: Miss Eileen Karri-Davies and Colin Wyatt were at Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beddington-Behrens' party. Colin Wyatt is a star ski-jumper, also accordion-player and yodeller—he did both the last-named after the turkey and plum-pudding dinner

Collapse of Miss Stephenson

But it was nothing serious—only the end of a cheerful argument. Miss Daphne Stephenson is another of W. L. ("Velsheda") Stephenson's three daughters; her cavalier is Nick Bartman, and the place was Davos

And Another Sleigh-Driving Couple

These two are Mr. and Mrs. Monk Saunders, who went sleigh-driving in something of a snowstorm. Monk Saunders is the film-director who has been working for some time in England, and his wife is the lovely Fay Wray, whose last picture was with Jack Buchanan in "Come Out of the Pantry"

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Hay Wrightson

Miss Nan McGowan

Sir Harry and Lady McGowan's attractive younger daughter announced her engagement on Christmas Eve to Dermot Ralph Daly, of the Scots Guards, younger son of Major and Mrs. Denis St. George Daly, of Over Norton, Chipping Norton, Oxford. Nan McGowan's father is the chairman and managing director of Imperial Chemical Industries

Miss Ulrica Thynne

Ulrica Thynne is another engaged beauty; her fiancé is G. A. Murray Smith. He is in the Blues, hunts as passionately as Miss Thynne, and has made a bit of a name for himself as a G.R. Her parents are Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne, of Muntham Court, Worthing

Seeing the Ne

This was one of the Ritz New Year's Eve parties, and included the Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucault, the Marques del Merito, Mrs. du Boulay, the Marques de Viana, and the Marquesa del Merito

After-Christmas Shopping

JOLTING ourselves out of the post-Christmas coma last week, we made for a great store with "bath towels" ringing in our ears, the last having come apart in our hands, in true housemaid tradition, whilst we were damply "holding the (Paris) line."

Madame Schiaparelli and Mr. Henry Horne were examining those deceptive new blankets that look as though the moths have been at them—she in high leather boots that must have been spoils of her Russian journey, and he smiling, hatless and overcoatless.

Cogitating over bath mats we saw Princess Arthur of Connaught, naturally dressed all in black for Princess Victoria, and staggering slightly under a large emerald-green cardboard box. In public one of the shyest of the Royal Family, Princess Arthur is a first-rate nurse of real experience and works regularly at a children's hospital.

Tennis and Bumps from Madeira

WE respectfully recommend to the Brighter Britain movement (address unobtainable) the pleasant Madeira habit of giving a magnificent and free display of fireworks on New Year's Eve. Mrs. Blandy, who is the uncrowned Queen of Madeira in the same way that Maxine Elliott is Empress of Cannes, gave a large party for her daughters, Rosemary and Hermione, at which we heard of Godfrey Winn, who has almost finished a new novel, and Jack Lysaght, the 6 ft. 4 in. giant of the tennis courts, who went out to defend his amateur title of Champion of the island.

For those who dislike heights, there is the smallest first-class tennis player in the world, Gen Hoahing, the fourteen-year-old Chinese girl, who is wintering and practising in Madeira, and whom no one has been able to take a single game off so far.

We hear that some of the cruisers—not to be confused in any way with the Naval variety — rejoined their ships bruised from top to toe, with thick heads from the local Madeira and thick lower-downs after the rapid bumping descent from the top of the hill in those tricky native wicker carriages.

On Swiss Slopes

PASSPORTS in hand, we found Mr. Anthony and Lady Veronica Hornby swallowing a few oysters—it was a rough, blowy day—at Prunier's on their way to the station and Switzerland. We liked her natty cigar-brown tweeds and square box-like toque, and don't mind being put down as a bore for repeating that her husband is one of the nicest men in London. Another who left for Switzerland was Mrs. Charles Cartwright, the Curzon Street American hostess, who has the largest and most powerful gramophone in London, dazzling diamonds, and—like Colonel Wilfrid Egerton—wears goloshes on wet days and doesn't care who knows it.

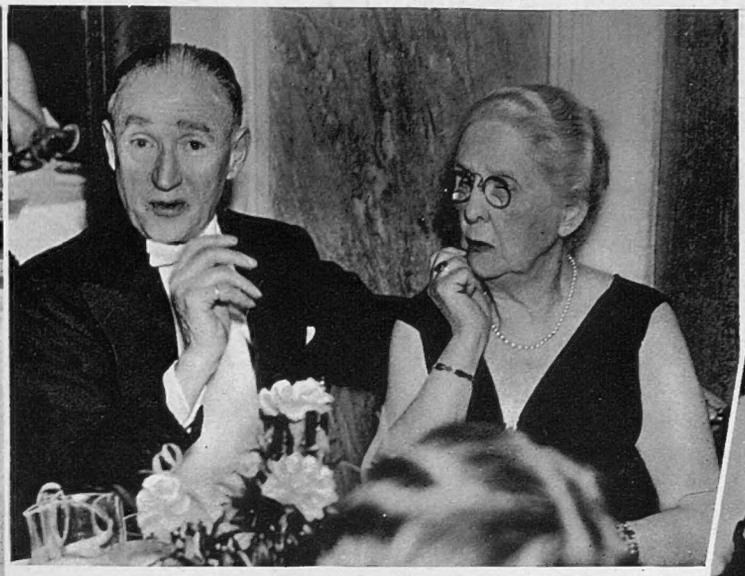
From Swiss slopes we also hear of Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, the very attractive, olive-skinned daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador. Entirely unspoilt, in spite of endless parties and queues of young men clamouring to lure her out, she has a sense of humour that we envy almost as much as her figure. She has acted in several films as "Miss Reegis," dislikes above all else being described as "orchidaceous," and ought always to wear white or dark red at night. To watch her helping her handsome parents give an official dinner to

Viscount Acheson and Miss Gagiati

Lord Acheson, the Earl of Gosford's elder son, was married at Medfield, Massachusetts, to Miss Francesca Augusta Gagiati, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Gagiati, of Dover and Switzerland. Lord Acheson is twenty-five and an R.A.F. Flying-Officer. His mother, the first Lady Gosford, is American, and was Mildred Ridgely Carter, of Baltimore

Swaebe

Year In



Swaebe

It Was Edna May's Mother's Birthday

Joe Coyne and Mrs. Lewisham, Edna May's mother, also celebrated the 1935-1936 change-over at the Ritz. Twelve o'clock was a double event in this party, as January 1st is Mrs. Lewisham's birthday, and this was her eighteenth one

Below : Maurice Chevalier drank his New Year toast right from the bottle. He's in England to appear in the film of Locke's "Beloved Vagabond" and went to the Dorchester on December 31st

Oh, Vagabond !

twenty diplomats at the Brazilian Embassy in Upper Brook Street is a lesson in the art of what was once called "receiving"—a word rendered meaningless by cocktails and cabarets.

A Kiss For Every Guest

CONFRONTED as we write by a rather tired balloon, a squeaker of very unpleasing aspect, and a paper hat with "H.M.S. Glorious 1936" on it—the last quite unexplained—we feel these pathetic emblems slightly reminiscent of that famous song "The Rosary," and will string our New Year's Eve memories on them. The friendliest party we went to was given by Marie Löhr, who dashed home after acting in *Call It a Day*, and, with a wreath of violets in her hair, kissed each of her guests a Happy New Year as midnight struck, and cut them a well-chosen present from the tree. Her tall daughter, Jane Prinsep, gave her one of those charm bracelets we can't have too many of, and one guest got a large green glass plate, with which she was so pleased that she insisted on hugging it to her chest even when eating, drinking or dancing, and finally went home still clutching it to her.

It seemed absurd to watch Fay Compton dancing with a grown-up son, Anthony Pélissier, and we like her rakish wreath of real flowers as much as her billowing black picture dress. Pretty Mercia Swinburne and her husband, George Relph, were at this party, and only a few hours later were unlucky enough to be in a bad car skid and taken to St. George's Hospital, where she has a broken leg and he a broken jaw. Our real sympathy is theirs in such a disastrous New Year start.

Lt.-Col. Claude Nicholson and the Hon. Ursula Hanbury-Tracy

Lieut.-Colonel Claude Nicholson is in the 16th-5th Lancers and at the Staff College, and is the eldest son of R. F. Nicholson, of Woodcott House, Whitchurch, Hants. The Hon. Ursula Hanbury-Tracy is Lord Sudeley's only sister, and daughter of the late Major the Hon. Algernon Hanbury-Tracy, and the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy, of Hays House, Sedgehill, Dorset. They were married last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

"Top-Hat, White Tie and No Tails"

PERHAPS it was our imagination, but the Chelsea Arts Ball seemed more crowded and certainly hotter than ever, and much persistence was needed even to reach the comparative safety of a box. An original idea that really came off was the party that went as "Top-hat, White Tie and No Tails," which, being interpreted, meant white Eton jackets. Miss Mala Brand, who got it up, took endless trouble scouting round London to fit people with grey top-hats and the nett cost, we were told, was only six shillings each—a pleasing contrast to those expensive "period gowns" that are usually one long agony after ten minutes.

We admired Thelma Lady Furness's white velvet paniered riding habit, and also the persistence with which she held up the tiny black eye-mask that matched her gloves. Another success was scored by Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux in a high-waisted pleated white Empire dress, and by Mrs. Stobart, who merely put on a man's tail-coat over her black sequin dress. We saw Mrs. Peter Thursby in a red shirt and blue trousers; Mrs. Simon Marks dressed as a sailor; the Milford Havens, who had a box, and Mr. Henry Hunloke before we left the Albert Hall and set off for the Florida.

Here we found pandemonium, and for the first time saw Captain Gordon Halsey with a hair out of place—in this case it was a large lock standing on end. An iron, lift-like gate had to be shut time and again to stem the ugly rush of those trying to get in, and through it all large ladies in larger crinolines and immense poke-bonnets sang carols and collected for a charity, completely undaunted.

New Year Lunchers

WE observed a slightly stunned expression on the faces of several lunchers at the Ritz on New Year's Day, and we

Going Abroad

Mr. Ivor Novello and Lady Ashley were two of the crowd of English people who set out for New York last week, Lady Ashley after a brief Swiss trip

Right: New York Arrival

Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish arrived in America just in time for Christmas, to spend it with her brother, Fred Astaire, and his wife

bravely rose above it when a friend wrung us warmly by the hand and wished us a Happy Christmas! Mrs. Simon Brand's luncheon-party was one of the gayest in the room, and there we noticed Mrs. Dorothy Garthwaite with a bear-skin-like toque made of silver fox brushes, Mrs. Woolley-Hart, and Miss Dorothy Dickson, who had on that set of five diamond feather clips we always covet.

At a table near the door was Mrs. Julie Thompson, serene and lovely in one of those large hats in which she makes our pill-boxes look slightly ridiculous; whilst others we noticed were Mrs. Claude Beddington, and mink-coated Mrs. Alexander Soldatenkov with Major and Mrs. Brocas Burrows—she was Mollie Le Bas and one of the few attractive sculptors (or should it be sculptresses ?) we have met.

"Never Complain—Never Explain"

We hear that a Christmas present which was emphatically a success was a small pillow embroidered with Lady Mendl's favourite maxim—"Never Complain—Never Explain."

"Mind You Write"

Station farewells are notoriously depressing and we have been through a good many of those "don't forget; mind you write," moments lately. We didn't have to look at the labels to know that New York was Ivor Novello's destination, and he 's gone over there for a fortnight's holiday and to see all the new plays. Lady Tredegar, warmly wrapped in a grey fur coat, left in an earlier boat, for which Mr. "Eddie" Tatham was determined to take no chances, since he went down to Southampton the night before.

Gay Galas at Monte Carlo

We hear of great doings from Monte Carlo where the "attractions" and galas are almost continuous. The Opera House could have been sold out five times over for the concert given by Toscanini and the Monte Carlo orchestra, and the great conductor himself went to see Serge Lifar dance when he appeared at a classical concert. The same evening we heard of another musician, in the person of Mr. Sidney Beer, and also Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall and Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller's exotic dark-eyed little wife.

Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent are at their villa at Cap Martin, and have had Colonel and Mrs. McGrath (Rosita Forbes) staying with them. She has just set off by air for Burma, on another of her adventurous explorations, and one that she thinks will be the longest trip she has made.

Amongst the golfers are Sir John Simon and Mr. Charles Sweeny, whose wife wore her lovely silver fox cape at the reopening of the Sporting Club. Lady Hadfield has been entertaining at her villa at Cap Ferrat; the Sopwiths are staying at the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, and the George Lambtons are at the Hermitage.

Dances Like an Angel

Many broken hearts over Miss Nan McGowan's engagement. She is one of the prettiest, best-dressed, and certainly one of the nicest girls in Mayfair. In addition to all this she plays bridge, and dances like an angel. Mr. Dermot Daly is a lucky man.

The girls from "over there" continue to snaffle all our best young men. Mr. Tom Lilley is going to marry Mrs. Nina Leverton, a popular babyish blonde with a keen sense of humour, and better-than-Binnie-Hale legs. Young men who make a living at backgammon should avoid playing the game with her, for she has forgotten more about it than they will ever know. They talk of honeymooning in Switzerland, and we congratulate them both, for they are charming individually, and will make a grand couple.

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON *(continued)*

Country Parties

Echoes of good Christmas parties in the country come trickling into town. In Wiltshire the David Tennants threw a marvellous party on Boxing night—fireworks, torchlight processions and revelry until all hours, Miss Peggy Johnston gave a party down in Sussex on Friday, and the overflow of guests were housed in a picturesque local inn. The Ralph Hankés, Provotoroffs, and Miss O'Malley Keyes were among those who we heard of as being there.

The Assheton-Smiths' house-party at Vaynol lasted until after the New Year. Sir Michael's sister and her husband, Mr. Edward Tennant, were among the guests, also Miss Maxine Elliot, Miss Olga Lynn, Lord Sudeley, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. McMullen and Mr. Charles Birkin.

MISS PEEPS

New Year's Day

Lady Isobel Manners, Lady Jersey, and Mr. Parker Bowles were at the Belvoir meet the morning after the New Year's Eve dance at Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray

Miss Nadine Crofton-Atkins

Who Is Engaged to the Earl of Shrewsbury

Nadine Crofton-Atkins' engagement to Lord Shrewsbury was announced a few days after his coming-of-age on December 1st. She is the younger daughter of Brig.-General C. R. Crofton-Atkins, C.B.E., and Mrs. Crofton-Atkins, of Trobridge, Crediton, Devon. Her father was in the Sherwood Foresters, and fought in the Boer War and the Great War. Lord Shrewsbury succeeded when he was seven, is a godson of the King and Queen, went to Eton, and is a Territorial second-lieutenant. He is Premier Earl of England and Ireland, hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, and owner of large properties in the Midlands; Ingestre Hall, a lovely old Elizabethan house near Stafford, is the family place

Photographs by Lenare

Baroness Violet von Gagern

A Vienna-to-London Socialite

This lovely Viennese girl, Baroness Violet von Gagern, has now come to live permanently in London with her mother. She belongs to one of the oldest families in German and Austrian society; the von Gagerns go back to the tenth century, and used to own the vast estates of Schloss Mokrice in what is now Jugo-Slavia. She is a particularly good horsewoman, and a fine rifle shot, having stalked deer in the "high tops" of the Carinthian Alps when most small girls are playing with dolls. She was very nearly shot in the Communist rising in Vienna a year or two ago, running the whole length of a street under a housetop barrage of rifle fire

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 2. The Hon. Brian Lewis

BRIAN LEWIS is primarily, I fancy, a reaction from his illustrious father, Lord Essendon, who is chairman of Furness, Withy, director of innumerable insurance and shipping companies, and leads the routine life of any commercial magnate. Brian, by contrast, likes speed and is the most experienced racing motorist alive. Three times consecutively he has won the Isle of Man Round-the-Houses race, and was duly awarded the Gold Star for the most meritorious performance on both track and road by the British Racing Drivers' Club.

After education at Malvern it took him five shots to get into Cambridge, where he finally read Chemistry and "Polar Bears," but got no marks at all in his first year's exam. papers. While at Malvern he had built his own motor-bicycle, but did not own a motor-car until he was eighteen. Since then he has had thirty-two.

Abrupt, curly-haired, and hook-nosed, he is, underneath it all, very shy and self-conscious—which accounts for his abruptness. Brian Lewis has no nerves at all. You can see that from his eyes, if you didn't know it from his race-track record. They are very dark blue, and seem focussed on a hairpin bend half a mile away even when he is sitting indoors.

HE is not superstitious, except for green and spilt salt. He is so uninterested in golf that he has allowed his handicap to slip from six to fourteen, although he is in his early thirties. He is a good squash player and a natural shot. The other day, at his first shoot and with a pair of borrowed guns, he got five pheasants and a partridge with his first six cartridges. His sense of the ridiculous is extreme—which is, perhaps, why he likes heavy-weight fights. His belief in the commercial future of flying is shown by his aeroplane shop in Conduit Street and his persistent efforts to persuade his father to switch from ships to aeroplanes.

His clubs include the Public Schools and the Aero. At Cambridge he played for the Hawks. He hates champagne but likes burgundy. Few of his closest friends know that he played the 'cello at a public concert at the age of five. (His mother wanted him to learn the violin, but he realised that if he did he would have to stand up.) He has travelled all over the world, and once spent six months on a cattle ranch in South America. He has driven a car at one hundred and fifty-five miles an hour on a main road—near Rheims. He is frequently moody. Every year he decides to chuck race-driving. Every year the disease gets him again.

A bachelor, he lives with his parents in Charles Street and always feels gloomy when he wakes up. Altogether, he gives one the impression that he does not enjoy life anything like as much as his record would suggest. Repeating a success does not seem to amuse him any more, and he seems to be wondering how he is going to kill the next sixty years.

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Pantomime Pair

"Jack and the Beanstalk" (Drury Lane)

PANTOMIME at the Lane is always an affair of superlatives and this year's production is no exception. Doubtless, no other pantomime boasts such ingenious stage-effects, such elaborate lighting, so vast a chorus, and so striking a transformation scene, but, at the risk of appearing ungrateful for these manifold blessings, I must confess that their very magnificence seems to rob the production of something of the true spirit of Pantomime. At times one feels that the players are merely an adjunct to the effects, when it should be the other way round.

The Lane is fortunate indeed in its principal boy. Binnie Hale brings a freshness and spontaneous sense of fun to the part of Jack that are mercifully far removed from the synthetic, thigh-slapping boisterousness of the conventional "Boy," and on the few occasions when a spot of real acting is called for she rises to the occasion nobly. Shaun Glenville is a most entertaining "Dame," full of figure and strong of voice, while Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson as those indispensable pantomime characters, the Bailiffs, clown with great gusto. I wish that clever actor, Charles Heslop, had been provided with better material, but when he is allowed to break away momentarily, his impression of a lawn-tennis player who would certainly never grace the Centre Court at Wimbledon provides one of the high spots of the evening. Marjorie Browne is an attractive Princess, and Clifford Heatherley, as her father, adds considerably to the general gaiety. The music, which includes a first-class march by Charles Prentice, is well above the average.

The Princess (Marjorie Browne) and the King (Clifford Heatherley) both know all about courting as well as about courts

"The Forty Thieves" (Lyceum)

ONE goes to the Lyceum pantomime every year with the comfortable assurance that it will be very much as it was last year and the year before that. Which is all to the good, for the Brothers Melville have evolved a pattern which, for brightness, boisterousness and plenty of quick action, it is impossible to beat; and this year's pantomime is undoubtedly one of the jolliest affairs imaginable. Here is George Jackley, of the foghorn voice, bellowing his way into the affections of the audience and fooling with those princes of knockabouts, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold, also Eddie Gray, as an almost bi-lingual chef, is another of the fun-makers and, incidentally, an excellent juggler, and that old music-hall favourite, Florrie Forde, has the easiest task of her life in getting the audience to sing the choruses of the songs she has made famous.

Maria Sandra as the Captain of the Forty Thieves towers commandingly over her band of thinly disguised Amazons. Kitty Reidy, the Principal Boy, brings not only a wealth of charm to the part but an attractive sunburn which would be the envy of every Riviera bathing-pool, and Winifred Wright is properly demure and tuneful as the Princess. Here is a thoroughly jolly, rollicking show which, of its kind, could not be bettered.

Jack (Binnie Hale) is a youth whose prize garden exhibit is no has-been stalk

Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson as the long and the short of the comedy business entertain Mrs. Hubbard (Shaun Glenville)

Sketches by Rouson

A Ballerina Confirmed

Margot Fonteyn Makes Her Début as Odette in *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn as the Prince and the Swan Queen

THE night when Margot Fonteyn gave her first performance as Odette in *Le Lac des Cygnes* was a memorable one in the history of the Vic-Wells Ballet. This young English ballerina, who is entirely a product of the school and the company, appeared in one of the great classical rôles of ballet and danced so exquisitely that her place in the succession of true ballerinas was confirmed as only such a test could confirm it. Her dignity and the beautiful severity of her style, the high standard of her technique, and her talent for mime were more than equal to the demands which this part of Odette makes on a dancer's equipment. Robert Helpmann takes the Prince's part, as he did last season; he makes a most gallant, romantic hero, acts well as always, and is a faultless and responsive partner. Ruth French appears as Odile, Odette's wicked double, in the third Act. *Le Lac des Cygnes* was given its second performance of the season at Sadler's Wells last night

Cannons of Hollywood

GREER GARSON—A JANUARY HEROINE

Greer Garson's next part is in a new play called "Masks," which is coming to London some time this month. It's a melodrama, with a story that jumps from Monte Carlo to the North-West Frontier of India, and Nicholas Hannen and the Czech actor Ernst Deutsch are in it too. Greer Garson has already played most successfully with Nicholas Hannen—in "Accent on Youth," which was her first West End lead. Before that she took Claire Luce's part in "Vintage Wine," and since then her reputation has jumped several points up with her acting in the Divorce Court play revival, "The Butterfly on the Wheel." She's a clever young actress, with a most definite personality and an interesting voice, and is charming to look at with her red hair and expressive face

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

ADMIRING the charm and dexterity of Patricia Bourne, the girl lion-tamer from the Lancashire Bush who is one of the attractions at this year's Olympia Circus, we were visited with a rather unworthy thought which often comes to us when we contemplate lions—namely, that those who call the lion the King of Beasts can't have studied him very thoughtfully from the rear. The lion is, in fact, a rather bogus and disconcerting animal; terribly impressive viewed from the front, almost obscenely comic from (and including) behind, tapering so absurdly from pomp into grotesquerie that he reminds us of a Victorian Statesman. For a national emblem, therefore, they might have chosen a better animal. Now we think of it, both our national zoological specimens have a rather satirical side, for what is more stupid and more sentimental than a bulldog? Why not a Peke, symbolic of enormous courage and disdain of odds? And in place of the Lion, why not the Owl, Minerva's own bird of wisdom? *Punch* would look odd without its usual British Lion patting itself on the back week by week, no doubt, but the populace would just have to grin and bear it. Another little thing somebody might attend to, on æsthetic and common-sense grounds, is the figure of Britannia on the coinage. She 's admittedly more graceful than Marianne, the French Republic, whose upholstery seems excessive, and her legs are charming, but she has her eyes wide open, which is absurd. Britannia's eyes should be firmly closed, demonstrating (as H. G. Wells once observed) our sturdy national method of making anything unpleasant or disturbing vanish utterly and cease to exist. Also, that naked trident looks a bit odd nowadays, with maritime affairs in the state they are. Why not combine the decorative and the useful by hanging something on it? Say the bowler hat of her boy friend Mr. Kipling?

Follow-My-Leader

IF you get as much fun out of the Press boys—bless their innocent hearts—as we do, you 'll be as amused as we were over the latest example of their artless goings-on. Not long ago the *Evening News* invited its readers to send in funny stories to be illustrated by Bert Thomas. We don't say the stories up to now have made us choke to death with laughing, but we love Bert Thomas. Conceive, anyway, of our mild amusement when we picked up a *Star* and found the *Star* boys hurriedly following suit with exactly the same stunt. This sort of thing is always happening. One Sunday paper goes haywire with an "inquiry" into spiritism—and what dreary dope that can be, too!—the week after we find three others hastily tumbling out with precisely the same stuff.

We 've often tried to puzzle out the reason for this curiously Gadarene behaviour. We 've even asked one or two Fleet Street editors of our acquaintance, each of whom has his finger unremittingly glued to the pulse of a completely imaginary "public." The only reply we get is a scornful raising of the eyebrows and the curt intimation that such things are a high secret reserved to specialists. That makes us laugh, too, but as the editor thinks we are respectfully cheering—it 's a common mistake in Fleet Street, owing to those boys having no kind of contact with the big busy world—we often get a kindly word of advice as we leave.

Listen, Lady

HAVING set everything right by establishing finally that the inventor of Stilton cheese really was Lady Beaumont of Quenby in the early eighteenth century, Miss Florence White, founder of the English Folk Cookery Association (with a hey nonny nonny), has spoilt it all by an extraordinarily wild suggestion. "The idea of putting up a statue [to the Stilton inventor] is a good one," she said, "but it should be put up to the right person." Could folk cookery lead anyone into a more odious error? The idea of putting up a statue, any statue, is lousy. Not only lousy, but preposterous. Not merely preposterous, but inept, defibulating, and hyperfluous. We submit that the only possible modern excuse for putting up yet another statue anywhere, to anybody, is that it should be put up to the wrong person. For example, a statue erected to the inventor of Stilton should be a lifelike marble full-length of Beethoven, William Tell, Nelson, Grace Darling, or General Booth. No comment whatsoever would be made at the unveiling. Auntie *Times's* serious little readers would naturally begin to chitter and wamble, twitching their long sharp noses excitedly and working themselves up; but Auntie would take no notice, except to devote a dignified leading article (headed "Hey, Saps!") inviting them all to put their little heads incontinently into bags. Then a gang of L.C.C. engineers would come along and blow up the statue, and everybody would be pleased. Incidentally, we bet you don't know the trick about George IV.'s statue in Trafalgar Square. The cocked hat unscrews and the figure, as in life, is full of liqueur chocolates.

"They don't answer, sir; but I'm *not doing anything to-night!"*

Enigma Dept.

FOR the life of us we couldn't guess to whom Philip Guedalla was referring

in a luncheon speech in London the other day. Addressing the American Chamber of Commerce, he said, among a whole lot of other things :

" Those of us who travel up and down the country know much more of America than other people. When anyone is rude here [Great Britain] we know he 's just a Yorkshireman, but in America they 've no such territorial distinctions. I spent three months explaining away a popular British novelist whom I followed round the country."

Now who the devil (we asked ourselves wonderingly) could this rude person be ? Since the war so many of our booksy boys and girls have descended on the United States like locusts, devouring all within reach. Most of these modern Columbuses, Columbi, or Columbæ, to do them justice, are not merely polite but so flutingly effusive that their hosts go all hot and damp afterwards at the thought of it. Beyond falling into hysterics of admiration over everything on the printed slip (confidential) supplied in advance by their lecture agency, they exhibit enough impromptu ecstasy to stock a bazaar. Therefore Mr. Guedalla's rude precursor must be pretty well known. It obviously can't be Uncle Hugh Walpole, whom all Hollywood loves and reveres, the more so since he gave the film industry a leg-up by playing the clergyman in *David Copperfield*. It can't be half-a-dozen of the other literary boys we can think of, all of whom have a vigilant eye glued on future American royalties. Yorkshireman ? Rude ? Who the *devil*, pets, can it *possibly* be ?

Hi! Hi! Mr. Chips!

NUMBERS of highly unattractive small boys are in luck's way this year. The ruthless hand that swept inexorably every night through their infant efforts at English Prose and French Dictée and Maths., leaving a trail of devastation in blue or red, will be for the most part otherwise engaged—wrestling in agony, one might go so far as to say, with its own little prose problems. Hodder and Stoughton are offering a £1000 prize for the best 75,000-150,000-word book, fiction or otherwise, by members of the teaching profession, barring books about school life. Why Hodder and Stoughton should encourage schoolmasters to write they probably best know. It isn't our own idea of what schoolmasters should do with the long winter evenings, considering how fees (e.g., at Eton) are soaring, and if we were paying any we wouldn't thank a publisher for an idea of this kind. Apart from taking up time which should be used for marking exercise-books, it may be the signal for all sorts of half-human dons to release unsuspected and rather odious inhibitions. Faugh ! Proh pudor ! Fi donc ! We can see the sly, watery blue eyes from here. We can hear the thin libidinous cackle. Non est dubium quin illa species rei est damnabiliter bene non ludens ludum, as Xanthias Phoceus said when he found Horace biting his parlourmaid's ankles.

Crooked Halo

READING the other day about a man who was described by the police as " a public hero " two years ago, when he tackled some gunmen, and was now before the beak for being drunk and disorderly, we wondered, as often before, why nobody like Somerset Maugham has ever written a play or novel about a really loathsome hero, splendidly heroic and quite, quite detestable. It 's a richly fascinating subject for the cynically-minded. The only modern thinker who seems to have taken a stab at it is that racy old tease James Thurber, who once wrote a story called *The Greatest Man in the World*. This involved a really horrible piece of news named " Pal " Smurch, a garage hand who gallantly flew non-stop round the world in a rusty, crazy old monoplane and became thereby a greater national American hero than Lindbergh himself. " Pal " Smurch was dirty, violent, rude, conceited, dangerous, ugly, mercenary, vicious, loathed at home, and utterly bestial, so during an anguished emergency conference of the President and Cabinet of the United States with the principal press magnates one of the ministers was practically forced to grab him accidentally by the pants and tip him swiftly out of a nine-storey window. " My God, he 's fallen out ! " cried a quick-witted editor, and the day was saved. Of course, it isn't always as easy to dispose of an embarrassing public hero as the engaging Thurber indicates. We should imagine Maugham could think up a few other ways. The problem is to spare the feelings of the great egg-faced public, which believes all its heroes to be immaculate—a superstition anyone could very quickly disprove from history, if it were worth the trouble. God forbid.

Allies

WE didn't know, till we saw it in the *Times* the other day, that our troops in East Africa during the war were

" My dear, if you ask me, *people talk* far *too much about war "*

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 9.—The " Observer "

SOME Sunday papers specialise
In giving readers long reports
Of sordid cases in the Courts,
Culled from Old Bailey and Assize,
A custom which would cause surprise
To all *Observer* readers, for
They are not fond of Sex and gore
Presented in a sordid guise.

No, the *Observer* does not seek
To serve up thrills of such a kind
That might revolt the cultured mind
Or turn the tummies of the weak.
Its Editor prefers to speak
Of International intrigue,
When he 'll Garvindicate the League
In phrases anything but meek.

No screaming headlines are displayed
To catch some moron reader's eye—
Believe me, they would rather die
Than turn to such a blatant aid
In rousing interest that 's frayed,
But for a very long time the
Observer 's lived with dignity ;
In fact, it 's stayed *because* it 's staid !

B. W.

said to have been defeated at the battle of Tanga chiefly by the East African bee, a very savage, swift, and ruthless little fellow. The Germans apparently connected a lot of trip-wires in the Ceara forest with scores of native beehives. Our troops, advancing in open-necked shirts and shorts, went stumbling merrily over the wires, the bees rushed out in fury, and it was very little use fixing bayonets or ordering five rounds rapid. Quite an ally, M. Maeterlinck's little buzzing friend turned out to be.

As eager collectors of the odd, the curious, and the fantastic, we remember an even more interesting way of defeating an enemy. Some time in the seventeenth century the Portuguese were besieging Madrid. The peril was so great that the courtesans of Madrid were seized with a patriotic inspiration. Volunteering for active service, those ladies who—how shall one put it delicately ?—were qualified attired themselves in their best gowns, and at night, powdered and perfumed, they left the city and strolled coyly round the Portuguese camp. Within about three weeks half the invaders were in hospital. The incident, oddly attractive, is vouched for by a chronicler of the time. It ravished Anatole France, who wanted to make a story out of it, but he never did.

Racket

Mayor La Guardia, of New York, banned the sale of artichokes in the city recently in order to defeat the racketeers, who are said to make £250,000 a year out of this innocent vegetable alone. We were once told how disciplinary methods are applied in the racket. It 's a rather embarrassing business for everybody concerned. While a convoy of vegetable lorries is waiting to leave the wholesaler's, an insignificant gentleman with one hand in his overcoat pocket strolls into the office. A brief conversation takes place in undertones. The insignificant gentleman waves a hand out of the office window, and half-a-dozen rather tough-looking gentlemen who have been lounging round the lorries pick up cans of petrol and slosh the spirit expertly over the vegetables. It isn't very good for them. A roll of bills then passes from the wholesaler to the insignificant gentleman, who calls off his friends and retires. If the wholesaler won't play the first time he loses more lorry-loads till he sees reason. It 's not exactly a pleasant duty for either side, but what would you ? That is why artichokes costing twelve shillings a box can't be bought under thirty, retail.

" Hullo, Tuffinthwistle — I 'm afraid I can't remember your face ! "

We 've nothing to compare with this business over here except the booksy racket, which sends the price of a novel originally worth about fourpence, if that, rocketing up to seven-and-six. Naturally, violence is employed, also. Critics are frequently beaned by publishers' thugs for double-crossing—that is to say, pouching the dough and then failing to come across with a thumping good notice, full of lyrical adjectives and quotable lines. We bet we could open your girlish eyes if we revealed a few secrets of the booksy underworld. We will, too, some day, ha, ha !

" Why do we call 'im ' Miniature ' ? Why, 'cos one minute yer on 'im and the next minute yer off again "

Big Magic Dept.

Idly scanning the sporting page of a morning paper, our roving eye was brought up sharp by this :

WEST BROMWICH BORE A CHARMED LIFE

Who is the West Bromwich Bore, and why does he bear a charmed life ? Do the citizens of West Bromwich keep dodging round corners and soberly shooting at him, all in vain ? Have they never tried silver bullets ? Last time we personally pipped a bore we did it with a charge of melted-down sixpences. Our first shot made him leap fifteen feet into the air, cursing horribly, after which he burst into five hundred weeny pieces which went skipping round and round the world and turned eventually into a big fairy kiss for J. H. Thomas.

The Bystanders.

A New Dancing Star—Eleanor Powell

Left: Eleanor Powell is one of 1935's best discoveries; such a good dancer that she tapped a positively lightning course to fame. If you missed her at the Empire in "Broadway Melody of 1936," chase it round when it's generally released

Right: Luise Rainer is another of Vienna's traditionally fascinating women; she made her film début in "Escapade," the Hollywood version of Paula Wessely's success, "Maskerade." She belongs to the list of 1935 screen discoveries, and helps to prove our critic's dictum, "if the material be good, established reputations are not essential"

A New Acting Star—Luise Rainer

• FILMS of the DAY By GEORGE CAMPBELL

The Ups and Downs of 1935

ANOTHER film year has died, and about a dozen film reputations are in danger of dying with it. Just cast your mind back over 1935, as is the time-honoured custom at this season, and try to sort out the best pictures of the year. Allowing for prejudice, ignorance, and the fact that you probably haven't seen all the pictures anyway, the list probably works out something like this:

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (*unless you dislike blood sports*).
TOP HAT
BENGAL LANCER (*awfully Kipling, only not so Ninety-ish*).
"G"-MEN
THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS (*Hitchcock's come-back*).
BROADWAY MELODY
MASKERADE (*with Paula Wessely*).
ESCAPADE (*same, with Hollywood accent*).
EPISODE (*another Wessely*).
THE GHOST GOES WEST

plus two or three more we have forgotten, and maybe *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, if we don't keep careful watch.

Well, there is our list, and there seems to be a lesson in it somewhere. Probably that fame, actuarially considered, is a very bad risk. Consider the stars in the productions we have just jotted down. Charles Laughton, three years ago, was unknown outside the West End. Now he is proclaimed by critics beyond the Mississippi and beneath the Southern Cross, as Macaulay would have said, to be the greatest actor living.

IN *Top Hat* we have Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the greatest box-office draws in the world. Two years ago Mr. Astaire was a young stage-dancer, rejected by the film trade, after exhaustive tests, as lacking personality; and Miss Rogers was just another blonde, one jump ahead of the extras and hardly within sight of the stars. Now the redhead from Independence, Missouri, is paid about £20,000 a year and wants more. Local Girl Makes Good.

THE stars of *Bengal Lancer* and *"G"-Men* were pretty experienced; but how many pictures had Robert Donat starred in before *The Thirty-nine Steps* and *The Ghost Goes West*? Precisely one, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, unless my memory fails me. *Broadway Melody* exploits Eleanor Powell, who had a tiny bit in a film revue but was practically making her début. *Maskerade* and *Episode* starred that plump, squat little enchantress, Paula Wessely, and *Escapade* the slim and even more enchanting Luise Rainer, both new to the British public. So it boils down to this—that good pictures make stars; if the material be good, established reputations are not essential.

NOW look at the other side—a list of the ten best pictures of the year without reference to such established leaders as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, George Arliss, Wallace Beery, Kay Francis, Eddie Cantor, Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, W. C. Fields, and (on the production side) Sam Goldwyn. Chaplin has been in a state of labour for a couple of years and is expected to bring forth a new masterpiece almost any minute; anyway, as soon as he can get the film and the music to synchronise. And, of course, Bill Fields, that ripe and delicious comedian, has been seriously ill for the last six months and is only now convalescing.

But what about the others? It may have been Clemence Dane's adaptation, or it may have been Fredric March's Middle Western accent discounting sincerity and a fine flair for wearing uniforms, or it may simply have been that Garbo is losing her grip. Anyway, the fact remains that *Anna Karenina* was a dashed dull picture, measured by the standard of *Queen Cristina*.

OF Dietrich I have little hope. Time was when I was one of her most impassioned fans. *The Blue Angel*—there was a picture for you, full of fire and passion and bitter irony; and how beautifully she played the siren who lured the silly old professor to his doom! But she fell into the hands of Josef von Sternberg, who was bitten by a craze for stylising everything and everyone until a drama about a splendid, vital slut like Catherine the Great became just a succession of puppets' posturings amidst gigantic baroque sets. In *The Devil Is a Woman* she was worse, carrying the marionette technique to the point where one first feared and then hoped that if she jerked her head once more it would fall off.

AS for Mr. Arliss, I fear his vogue is dwindling with every repetition of a performance that has become too familiar. If he could find suitable modern stories—but it seems he cannot; and he dare not go on endlessly presenting the Proteus that is history with but a single face. Wallace Beery is another veteran who slipped a lot last year. People are growing rather tired of the Beery technique and the Beery tales about hard-boiled sergeants with hearts of gold, and well-meaning husbands who fall for scheming blondes, and fathers who Give All for their sons. He, too, must try to find something new, even at the risk of alienating the public that liked him as he was.

KAY FRANCIS, I fear, has degenerated into one of the screen's Good Women. She seems condemned always to play doctors and big business executives who find in the last reel that what they really wanted all the time was the touch of soft, wee hands. Miss Harlow, thank Heaven, is still her hard-boiled self, and *China Seas* might have been included in my list if it were not for a synthetic touch in the scenario. Eddie Cantor will have to do something extraordinarily good to regain the ground he lost with *Kid Millions*; John Barrymore has become middle-aged and rich; Mr. Colman made a good shot at Clive, but is technically and spiritually back in the *Beau Geste* era; and Sam Goldwyn, whose batting average used to be pretty high, seems to be temporarily out of form.

A pity about them all; but, after all, even prima donnas have to retire some time.

YOU CAN OBTAIN A COPY OF THE ABOVE PICTURE (POST FREE) ON APPLYING TO DEPT. B., DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

As Elisabeth Bergner *As Marlene Dietrich* *As Greta Garbo*

As Anna Sten *As Grace Moore* *As Katharine Hepburn*

Tunbridge

Being Stars

Florence Desmond in Some of Her Impressions in "Seeing Stars"

PETER FLEMING: AUTHOR AND EXPLORER

Howard Coster

This is a young man that any country might be proud to claim as its own. An intrepid explorer who sets off on his adventures with the minimum of publicity, carries them through with the minimum of fuss, and comes back with a non-existent burden of vanity, a writer of high intelligence and wit and with a delightful, individual style, possessor of a sense of humour as undefeatable as his famous rook-rifle, and much personal charm — Mr. Fleming certainly had a fairy godmother. "Brazilian Adventure" and "One's Company" are his two books, and presumably his series of articles for "The Times" about his seven months' journey from Pekin to Kashmir across "Hidden Asia" will be expanded into a third. A month ago Peter Fleming married Celia Johnson, the actress, and went abroad again on his honeymoon. He is twenty-eight, and the son of the late Major Valentine Fleming

The Circus Comes to Town

High Lights and High Wires at Olympia

FOR the sixteenth consecutive year Bertram Mills has brought his famous circus to Olympia. There is nothing so cosmopolitan as the sawdust ring, where acrobats from Austria, clowns from Czechoslovakia and jugglers from Germany rub shoulders with performers from many other countries. Even the animals preserve the cosmopolitan note, for there are sea-lions from the Arctic, land-lions from Africa, elephants from India and horses from Arabia to entertain you to the accompaniment of the brass band. It is usual to say of Bertram Mills's circus that "it is better than ever" and it is always true

Patricia Bourne and Her Lions

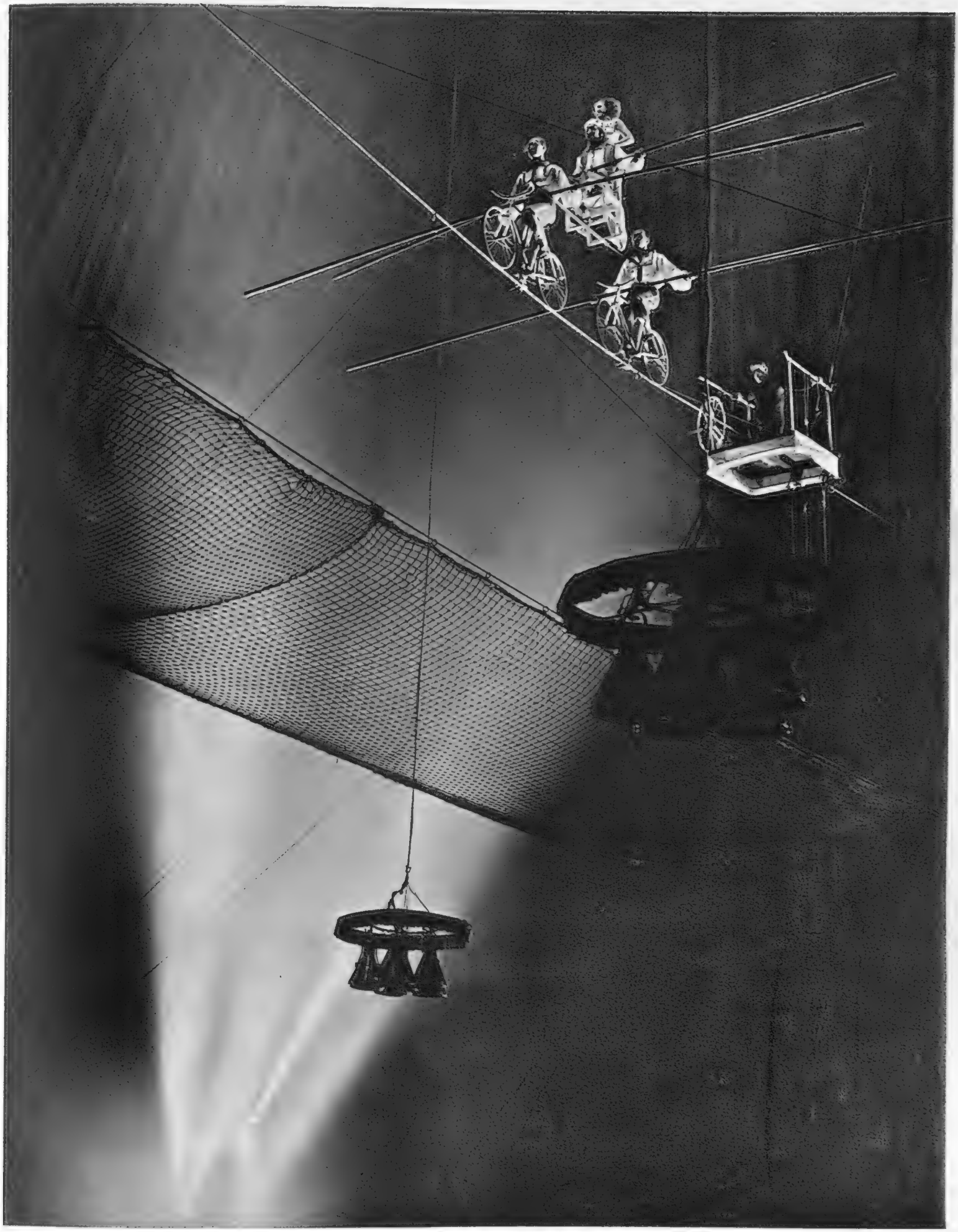
One of Bertram Mills's Liberty Horses

Elsie Wallenda and Her Sea-Lions

Gindl Puts the Baby Elephants Through Their Paces

One of the Spyras in Their Knockabout Act

Below: Two of Bertram Mills's High-School Horses



The Five Carlus on the High Wire

Howard Coster

Seated Impresario . . .

Mr. Cochran Takes the Chair at a *Follow the Sun* Rehearsal

Here is a view of C. B. Cochran that only his colleagues and the actors and actresses of his productions see: the great showman sitting in his homely armchair, malacca stick by his side, watching and directing as his conceptions are turned into realities. Right-hand-man Frank Collins, the general stage director, sits at a business-like table; scenic-designer Ernst Stern, black-hatted, cigar in mouth, leans forward between them, witty even when work is in hand. Mrs. Cochran watches quietly from the background. "Follow the Sun" is a revue in the grandest Cochranian manner, with a cast of a hundred and a score of stars, full of spectacle, colour, music, dancing, with topical skits and jokes as interludes in the procession of big sets and tableaux. It had a tremendous welcome in Manchester two nights before Christmas, and will have one of those glittering first-nights that only Mr. Cochran can command, at the Adelphi about January 24th

"I removed the shoes and offered them with a ceremonious bow

"Bystander" Short Story No. 19

The Ruling Passion: By Basset Scott

Decoration by Rojan

SOME of you may remember that mirror of a perfect chivalry, my friend the Comte de Tournelle, and how the dominating trait in his rich nature procured him for a wife the superb, the incomparable Lucille. I am privileged now to call him friend, for other meetings succeeded that memorable first, and I do not flatter myself—for, indeed, the phrase is his—in saying that he found in me an auditor of the most sympathetic. As he grew in confidence, his confidences grew, if I may so put it. They extended back into his somewhat remote youth, branched into adventurous byways, and burst occasionally into blossoms more singular than seemly.

"There is no need, my old boy," he once said, in a moment of expansion, "to take my stories with a grain of pepper."

He was right.

The setting of these intimacies was always the same—the big, friendly lounge of the Cintra, with its ranged sherry barrels and slightly amorous atmosphere, its perpetual background of tric-trac dice, muted conversation, and unobtrusive waiters. If I close my eyes I can see it now, with the Count's dark face bent across the apéritifs and the savouries. The aristocratic languor of his features would be replaced, as the story neared its crisis, by the animation of the creative artist. The conclusion, I don't know why, was almost invariably the herald of his departure. Perhaps he said to himself: "There, my friend, is the perfect whole. You may take it or leave it, but I cannot give you the opportunity to mar it with impertinent questions."

One evening our talk turned on the subject of alcoholic liquor and its queerly varying effects on its users. The Count, who was ever laudator temporis acti, spoke with acrimony of the perverted tastes and inferior capacity of modern youth. Especially he deplored the introduction into his beloved country of certain foreign monstrosities. Cocktails and whisky, he declared, had profaned the temple of Bacchus, destroyed its ritual, degraded its worshippers.

I had always considered the Count to be a notable consumer of apéritifs, but as he talked I perceived that my sense of proportion was ludicrously at fault herein. A liking for such trifles could no more make a toper than a predilection for hors d'œuvre could make a gourmet. The rate of consumption was merely a measure of natural capacity. It was, as ever, the intention that mattered. Exhilaration must be the incidental concomitant, not the avowed aim of the essentially social act of drinking.

From scorn of present feeblenesses and follies the Count passed logically to praise of earlier manners. It became evident that the days of his own youth had coincided very nearly with the Golden Age of potation. He did not at first condescend to details, but indicated with a word and a wave of his cigarette festivities of a Rabelaisian thoroughness, ecstasies that the dawn had blushed to discover. Over such he had presided, I gathered, primus inter pares, with all the wit and elegance of the late M. de Talleyrand. Wine, as is its proper function, had but enhanced the charm of him who loved it so wisely.

"You would not, then, agree," I asked, "with the implications of an English phrase that has always pleased me? We talk sometimes of a man being 'disguised in liquor.'"

"But no, my friend!" he exclaimed. "To the contrary. I believe that wine fortifies—at least, in a man of sensibility—the natural traits of the character. In effect, that which a man is when sober he is in an even greater degree when in his glasses. Listen, then, and I will recount to you an adventure of my own youth that well illustrates my contention."

I summoned a waiter, and while the drinks were being brought the Count smoked in thoughtful retrospect. At last he wiped his moustache and began:

"It was from my father of beloved memory that I learned, while yet a very young man, to choose my wine with discrimination and to partake of it with discretion. Armed with this invaluable knowledge, I was able, while avoiding any kind of grossness, to procure the maximum of enjoyment from my potations. Yet even the most admirably

instructed youth will err at times, and I must confess that on the evening of which I speak I had a little exceeded my usual limits. The heat, which was great, and a host, who was persistent, must be my excuse. I was far from drunk, but I was a little tête élevée.

"It was very late when I left the party. A thunder-shower had cooled the air, and I decided to walk the short distance to my father's house. Indeed, a Paris fiacre of those days was a thing one avoided, if possible. I set forth, accordingly, in a state of extreme satisfaction with the universe, and had reached the Rue St. Honoré before my agreeable meditations were interrupted. Here I observed, standing on the pavement some few yards ahead of me, the figure of a young girl.

"'PESTE, Raoul,' said I to myself. 'Here comes a challenge to your virtue.' For in those days a lady who lingered unattended in the streets at three of the morning could do so for one purpose only. Now, probably, she would be engaged in sociological study, or perhaps—mon Dieu!—a policewoman!"

The thought of policewomen in Paris so nearly overcame the Count that a liquid restorative was necessary before he could proceed.

"To my astonishment, not only was I permitted to pass unchallenged, but I was as completely ignored as if I had been a cat in the gutter. A little piqued at this neglect, I could not forbear, when I had walked on a few yards, to look back and try to discover its cause. I then perceived that the girl was gazing most intently into a shop-window which was lighted by the rays of an adjacent street-lamp. I perceived, also, something that only the comprehensive egotism of youth could have prevented my observing at the first glance. That was a certain quality in the attitude of this young person which is perfectly described by a beautiful word from your own language, my friend: the word 'forlorn.' Unhappiness clothed her as with a garment and was equally visible.

"Instantly I retraced my steps till I stood at her side.

"'Mademoiselle,' I said, bowing very low, 'I fear you are in trouble; will you do me the honour to command my services?'

"The ruling passion, you perceive, and I must confess that I was by no means unconscious of the admirable chivalry of my attitude, for the girl was little more than a child and had no pretensions to either beauty or elegance. I was therefore very considerably piqued when she glanced at me indifferently for a moment, murmured something inaudible, and returned immediately to her study of the window. I was put, as you say, on my mettle. Following the direction of her gaze, I saw that the object upon which it was so intently fixed was a pair of scarlet satin shoes with remarkably high heels. They were singularly inappropriate to the drab little figure at my side, but that was not my affair.

"'Mademoiselle desires the red shoes?' I asked.

"She nodded. She did not even trouble herself to look at me again, but nodded with an impatience which clearly said I must be a fool to ask so obvious a question.

"It became necessary to make a demonstration.

"'Mademoiselle shall have them!' I said between my teeth, and, lifting my foot, I drove it through the shop-window, removed the shoes, and offered them with a ceremonious bow.

"I firmly believe that had the heavens opened and St. Peter himself descended to purloin the shoes for her, this one-idea-ed imbecile of a child would have behaved as she now did. She clasped the shoes closely to her breast, and without uttering a single word or throwing me a single glance, disappeared round the nearest corner as fast as she could run. No; that was not an impressionable soul, that one! Let us pay a tiny tribute after the lapse of so many years to my action, reprehensible, doubtless, but not without a certain grandeur, though it might be a grandeur of folly. Garçon!"

When we had made libation to grandeur, he continued:

"No sooner had this graceless little slut removed herself with such celerity than I perceived that it would be wise of me to follow her example. The falling glass had made a considerable noise, and the window was not the only thing I had broken. There was also the Law, which might arrive at any moment and put an accusative finger into my pie.

"WHAT did arrive, however, was a fiacre, into which I threw myself with relief. I had moved a few yards away from the shop, but I saw the driver look curiously at the shattered window. However, he said nothing, and I was not much perturbed. Proximity is not proof; indeed, is hardly evidence, and by this time I felt tolerably sure that but for the girl herself there had been no eye-witness of my crime. And for her, most certainly, I had had no personal existence, but had been what the insurance companies call 'an act of God,' though not one of those exclusively calamitous acts to which this title is usually given.

"Before we had gone a hundred yards, however, my equanimity was unpleasantly shattered. I had a sensation of wetness in my right foot, and putting my hand down to investigate, found it covered with blood! It was evident that my ankle must have been pretty severely cut by the broken glass of that infernal window.

"I had hardly finished tying my handkerchief over the cut before I realised that I was in a difficult position. There was already a good deal of blood on the floor, and to judge from the rapidity with which the handkerchief was becoming soaked, there would soon be a good deal more. When the cabman should find this, even if he observed nothing when I came to descend, and should read in his newspaper of an inexplicable outrage in the Rue St. Honoré, he could hardly fail to put two and two together and make them four. His possession of my address completed as pretty an opportunity for blackmail as one could desire. Certainly I might expect a visit from M. le Cocher within forty-eight hours.

"I DID not solve this little problem till we were nearing my home. At this point I began to feel slightly faint. I have mentioned that there had been a thunderstorm earlier in the evening, and no doubt it was on this account that the hood of the fiacre was up and the windows closed. I had suddenly a great need of fresh air, and it was doubtless this need that supplied the hint which my natural genius so brilliantly seized. In an instant I saw my way clear, and for the second time that night I drove my foot through a pane of glass. My idea, you perceive, like all truly great ideas, had the merit of perfect simplicity. The second smash should account for the blood which the first had produced.

"When the cabman heard his window crash he stopped his horse, descended from his seat, and came to the door.

"'Monsieur!' he began, but I cut him short. 'Imbecile!' I cried with well-simulated fury. 'Must I travel in a tomb? Résidu du bidet, would you stifle and then rob me?'

"He stared at me open-mouthed, and I saw that I had nothing to fear from a mentality of the lowest. I descended and showed him a gold piece, at the sight of which he looked almost intelligent.

"'This,' I said, 'will pay for your fare, for your window, and for a little something in which to celebrate my escape from suffocation.'

"The dawn was breaking as I staggered to the door of my father's house. Suddenly I heard a voice cry:

"'Monsieur has bled in the cab!'

"'The cab,' I replied, 'is honoured. Remove it.'"

THE END.

"How be sweetbreads this morning, Mrs. B?"

European Statesmen

Cabrol, the French Cartoonist, Took His Sketch Book to Geneva and He Saw These Men Like This

Baron Aloisi
Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and League Delegate

M. Potemkine
The Soviet Ambassador to Paris. Deputises for M. Litvinoff at Geneva

M. Pierre Laval
Still Premier and Foreign Minister of France, by twenty votes

M. Titulesco
Roumania's Foreign Minister and League representative

Miss Jean Combe

Jean Combe, freckles, friendliness, chestnut-brown fringe and funny little schoolgirl mannerisms, is robin-eyed and full of good deeds. A wonderful daughter, it is time she thought more selfishly

Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes

Is tall, exceptionally handsome and bursting with high spirits resulting from radiant health, dresses theatrically and romps unceasingly. Should marry an American and order him about

Miss Florrie Owen

The daughter of the English art-connoisseur, with whom she lives in Paris, and of the American Mrs. Dupont Coudert, is adorable-looking, a little precious and sophisticated in conversation—not in character. Satin-skinned

Miss Jean Innes-Ker

Jean Innes-Ker, cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe, has what Americans worship as "poise," an interesting, full mouth, and very great distinction

"Always be nice to girls; you

AND WHO WILL

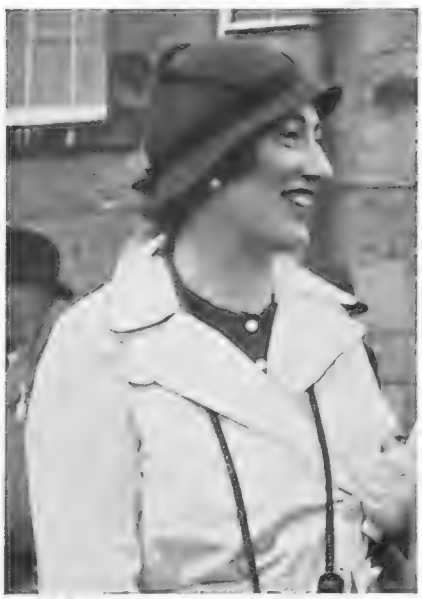
A Selection of Spinsters

Miss Audrey Warren Pearl

Audrey Warren Pearl, whose American mother does more for charity than almost anyone, possesses a sense of humour and quantities of common sense. The two make her a valuable companion. We hope she marries in England

Miss Gloria Gordon

Is the daughter of Colonel William Gordon, V.C., who was a Gordon Highlander; has gone on the films. Aged twenty, blue-eyed and with a prominent smile she's not as pretty as her mother, but has good chances



Lady Angela Scott

Left: Lady Angela Scott smiles a lot (rhyme) and has the same well-marked eyebrows as the Duchess of Gloucester. These descend from Charles II. Twenty-nine, she is sure to be chosen by sporting publicity-shy man. Her family always marry late and suitably

Right: Susan Hambro is deliciously appetising with her fresh pink cheeks (not added), natural manners and ready smile. Likes North Berwick and outdoors, also bottle-parties and girls' lunches

Miss Susan Hambro

Lady Isobel Blount-Mackenzie

"Bella" to the Highlanders and the London-Scottish—looks like a shaggy Shetland pony and a moorland sprite. Her last desert trip ended in illness. Should fall for a laird not a sheik

Miss Anne Vesey

Is the daughter of Osbert, brother of Lord de Vesci, goes only to exclusive dances, grand house-parties and the more clique-y committees. Very sure of herself at 21, she will make a match

Miss Tallulah Bankhead

Miss Averil Loyd

Averil Loyd is Mrs. Ralph Stobart's just-ex-deb-daughter and a most attractive child. with winged eyebrows, fashionably brief nose and peppy smile

Left: Tallulah Bankhead, who went back home after a reign of glamour, is Senator Bankhead of Alabama's daughter. Exotic and dynamic, rumour has played round her "poissonality" and the ex-bright-young-people remember when she was engaged to Count Bosdari

Lady Sylvia Maitland

We thought she would marry very young, but were wrong, because she's nearly twenty-three. So shy sometimes, but still waters run deep. Nordic, near-blonde colouring. Navy-blue eyes

never know who they will become"

(The late Lady Ailesbury to Lady Oxford when a girl.)

THESE BECOME?

From Every Set: No. 3

Lady Sibell Lygon

Is the most distinguished of four sisters, though Mayfair praises "Maimie" more. Blue-eyed, pink-moutned, tall and horsey, she's more at home racing than writing

Lady Jane FitzRoy

Miss Peggie Johnson

Is pretty because a white skin and fair hair go well with brown eyes, and her wealthy father showers her with helpful jewellery and furs. Unlike other new heiresses Peggie's manners are excellent

Left: Lady Jane FitzRoy is, to use last year's phrase, "lots of fun." She enjoys *everything*. Her enthusiasm leads us to think she will marry for love. Had two popular seasons

Right: Violet de Worms wears startling clothes on every race-course in the Kingdom and backs more winners than most. Her ankle-length skirts all the year round, freckles and informative hats need watching

The Hon. Eileen Brougham

is a niece of Lady Tredegar (Lois Sturt), and "Peter's" nice sister; has character and could not be mistaken for anybody else — a compliment, because her contemporaries suffer from mass-produced masks and morals

Miss Violet de Worms

The Hon. Ariel Baird

Was in the Cunningham-Reids' shooting-party at Six-Mile-Bottom just before Christmas. She is Lord and Lady Stonehaven's second daughter, will be twenty this year, and came out in 1934. Dancing is her craze; she 's studied both ballet and tap dancing. Is a little like Lisa Maugham to look at

Miss Daska Ivanovic-Banaz

A most decorative visitor who also stayed at Six-Mile-Bottom and saw a December day's shooting. Her family have a lovely place in Jugo-Slavia. Her brother, Ivanovic-Banaz, is the well-known Olympic hurdler and Cambridge Blue.

Shooting-Party Decorations

Seen by Molly Bishop at Six-Mile-Bottom

Mrs. Ereld Cardiff

Left: Mrs. Ereld Cardiff was staying with the Cunningham-Reids with her husband, who is in the Scots Guards. She is very dark and good-looking; was Peggy Pope, and is the sister of John Pope, who is also in the Brigade

Right: the hostess herself was about the most attractive of her collection of attractive decorations, with her red hair, white skin and enormous eyes. She is a very good hostess and has more devoted friends than most people. She and her M.P. husband have big parties all autumn for the famous shooting at Six-Mile-Bottom, which is near Newmarket

The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Philip Harben

Shopping during the winter sales offers many opportunities for replenishing a depleted wardrobe, and every woman should make a point of visiting Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, whose sale is now progressing. Their catalogue will be sent gratis on application and is worthy of careful study, as there are drastic reductions in every department. The model pictured on the right is carried out in cloqué, and is reduced to 6 guineas. It is cut on slim-fitting lines with a low-cut frock tucked in front to give a corselet effect. The short jacket with its frog fastenings is becoming and very practical for dinner and occasions where full dress is not required

For Early Spring and April Showers

Mackintoshes at one time were regarded as purely practical garments to be worn in bad weather, with the result that more often than not they were ill-fitting and dowdy. To-day, however, they are tailored with the same skill and care that is applied to ordinary coats. Liberty's, Regent Street, have designed the one pictured above. It is made in pure silk marocain, cut like a belted coat so that it fits perfectly. The colour scheme is white with green and white check revers and cuffs. It is reduced from five guineas to 78s. 6d. during the sale, which lasts till the end of the month. A delightful ensemble designed for the early spring by the same firm is seen on the right. The three-quarter-length swing coat is of Scotch tweed, flecked in shades of burgundy, bottle green and white, with a velveteen collar and cuffs in a deep shade of burgundy. The simple frock which accompanies it is carried out in green fancy wool with a raised design. It is cut with long sleeves and a slightly flared panelled skirt, while a velveteen sash, in the same shade as the coat collar, completes the scheme

Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of pictured by pam

NOVELTIES

read by pete

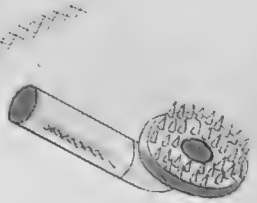
Something new in the way of pen trays has been designed by Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. This one is made of solid bronze, artistically coloured. A hunting scene is depicted, and the two tree stumps act as inkwells

A bottle stopper and pourer combined is an ingenious idea. It is fixed into the neck of the bottle, and when tilted the top is automatically loosened, thereby allowing the liquid to escape. At Revelation's, 170, Piccadilly, it costs 4s. 6d., or 12s. 6d. for a set of three

Pure cashmere wool makes the jumper sketched on the left, which is particularly striking in design. The waistcoat is stone-coloured, while the collar and sleeves are navy-blue. It may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, and costs 59s. 6d

There is a tendency towards simple and practical bags for day use, rather than anything over-elaborate. The two illustrated come from Revelation. Brown suède makes the top one, with a gilt frame and chain, while polished calf is used for the other, which only costs one guinea

There is nothing a dog loves more than to be dry cleaned with a vacuum brush. The one below is made of rubber, and may be attached to any vacuum cleaner. It will absorb all loose hairs, dust, etc., and only costs 6s. 6d. at Swaine and Adeney



Peasant shoes in reversible calf, with a perforated vamp and flat heels, are seen above. Fortnum and Mason have them with leather tassels on the laces. They cost 59s. 6d., and are available in several colours, sometimes piped in a light contrasting colour

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Undying Lawrence

By A. G. Macdonell

MESSRS. JONATHAN CAPE have issued a new edition at 7*s.* 6*d.* of Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's famous book, *T. E. Lawrence*, which was first published nearly two years ago. Actually this new volume is not really a new edition in the ordinary sense of the phrase, for it contains several additional chapters which are of the highest value to students of contemporary history. For the character of Lawrence of Arabia is one of the deepest and subtlest problems of the day, and one that must always occupy the minds of modern historians. It is not the least of the strange paradoxes which surround the life of that extraordinary man, that the first part of his wildly glamorous career should have turned out in the end to be less fascinating than the second. The wonderful Colonel, with his superb sense of strategy and his command over an army of fierce irregulars, is not really so wonderful or mysterious as the middle-aged aircraftsman-philosopher, building speed-boats and translating the Odyssey. Captain Liddell Hart, Europe's foremost military thinker, cannot fail to be clear and illuminating, both in description and analysis, on the subject of the Arabian epic. But he is even more illuminating when he, too, like his subject, puts aside things of war and writes as a philosopher.

The new chapters of this edition are full of wisdom, and here and there a word or a phrase is used so perfectly in all its implications that it shines brightly upon the page. Take, for instance, "his supercharged faculties and senses." There, in five words, you have a picture of this dynamic mass of energies and talents; you have also his exquisitely-attuned intellectual perceptions; and finally you have the one adjective which combines a notion of bursting vitality with the power of the great motor-machines that he revelled in. Or there is this: "his life had more harmony than his thought. If this was a turmoil, it was travelling in a state of contentment—like a typhoon in the Pacific." I am only inclined to doubt Captain Liddell Hart's conclusion that "No man has come so close to equal greatness in action and reflection." I think a good claim, at least for "parity"—the detestable modern word which we hear so often nowadays—could be argued on behalf of the Little Corsican. But that is a small point. This new version of a famous book can only increase the estimate of the world for Lawrence, and also for Captain Liddell Hart. The latter is also great in reflection; I sincerely trust that the occasion will not arise for him to prove himself—as I make no doubt that he would do—equally great in action.

Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart

Whose book, "T. E. Lawrence," was so great a success when published two years ago, has now brought out a revised edition which throws new light on the extraordinary character of his subject. It is published by Jonathan Cape at 7s. 6d.

MANY books have been written during the last few years about the English rural scene, but I have never read one that went so deep into the essential heart of things as Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton's *English Fabric* (Newnes; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Darton has designed his book with beautiful skill. Instead of ranging hither and thither, in search of facts and incidents and old legends, in the way that another celebrated writer describes various counties, Mr. Darton takes one single Dorsetshire village as the symbol of all that there is in the fabric of England, and he has chosen Cerne Abbas. That little cluster of houses is indeed a microcosm of the land. The prehistoric Ridgeway is not far distant; on the hillside is the great chalk Giant, the figure of Baal; here is the Roman road, and there the village which St. Augustine is said to have founded, and yonder the monument to Admiral Hardy. All English history is on that patch of ground, and on it Mr. Darton weaves his fabric, a fabric of human men and women, loving and mating and working and worshipping and dying, the real heart of England. They get less help from the sharp little careerists of Westminster than any other class in the country. They get less consideration in their lives and less thought after their deaths than the crookedest of swindlers. But they were behind the hedges, bow in hand, at Agincourt, and they were in the centre of the line at Blenheim, and they never faltered in their squares on the Mont St. Jean when Marshal Ney came thundering up the slope with the cuirassiers, or at Ypres when the Prussian Guard came at them in long grey lines. Mr. Harvey Darton has most beautifully and profoundly caught the spirit of this mob who, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has said, "turned itself into one of the iron armies of the world."

"THE BUSINESS AND I" (Secker; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a short and slightly interesting account of the rise of the famous printing and publishing house in Long Acre, Messrs. Odhams and Co., written by Mr. W. J. B. Odhams, and neither printed nor published in Long Acre. For many years associated in the public mind with Horatio Bottomley and *John Bull*, this firm is now the enormously successful publisher of the *Daily Herald*. Curiously enough, the two most interesting chapters are concerned with outside events. One is the attempt of the Civilian War Sufferers' Association to obtain redress for the scandalous way in which they were treated after the war, and the other is the magnificent repartee of Mr. Bottomley when cross-examined in the witness-box.

MR. LOUIS GOLDING'S new novel, *The Pursuer* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a very queer book. Indeed, it is as strange as anything I've read for some time. It is a story of a life-long hatred between two men. As schoolboys they hated each other, and Sidney Sharples always outdid Harry Wace in everything. In youth, Sidney stole Harry's girl. In middle-age, Sidney arranged for Harry's financial ruin. And so Harry shot Sidney and blinded him for life, and fled abroad with his daughter to escape the pursuing footsteps, not of the police, but of Sidney Sharples. Harry Wace, in fact, goes mad. And so does Sidney Sharples' son, who takes on the rôle of pursuer. But the son is saved from the final step over the borderline by falling in love with Harry Wace's daughter.

There is no denying the grim power of the writing, but the whole atmosphere of the book is redolent of a hateful sadism. There is a brutality about it all which I, for one, disliked intensely. Nor do I ever think that insanity is really a subject for an artist. It is so painfully easy to depict. *The Pursuer* is a strange tale, and an unpleasant one.

Children's Pictures

Masterpieces in the "Amateurs of All Ages" Exhibition by Artists Four to Eight Years Old

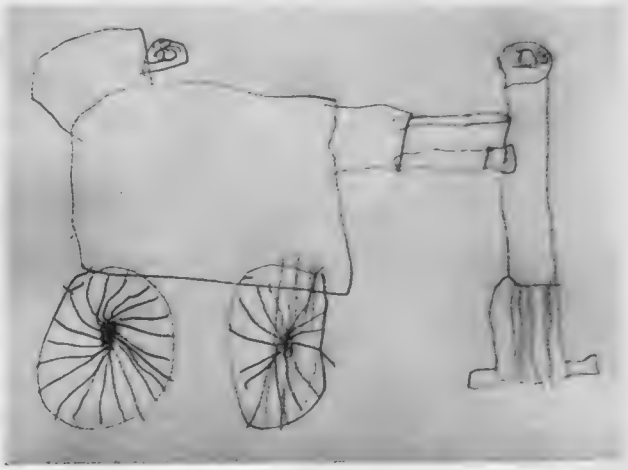
The King and Queen, by Anne Crichton, Aged Eight

Of the three larger pictures on this page, the portrait of their Majesties is by the small daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton; her father is the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department. The steeplechasing picture by Robin Rudd shows such exact observation that it's no surprise to hear the six-year-old artist already knows all about S.P. and which horse to back in the day's big race. Denis Houghton Brown may not have been to Greenland, but his ideas of Esquimaux, penguins, and the sea-lion are equally full of affectionate life

THE Amateurs of All Ages Exhibition at Agnew's Gallery, Bond Street, is being held in aid of the Hedingham Rover Scout Camps and Employment Scheme, and is open until January 15th, prizes being presented on the 14th by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. The exhibits number nearly five hundred, are in oil, water-colour, and black and white, and are by amateurs of every age and ability. The pictures by "dabblers," "those who never draw," and children are the ones that draw the crowds, and most of them are the greatest fun. It's an exhibition not to be missed, and the organisers of it (this is the second time it has been done) deserve laurel wreaths for their enterprise

Greenland, by Denis Houghton Brown, Aged Seven

The Fall, by Robin Rudd, Aged Six



Evelyn Pushing Doll's Pram, by John Impey

Master John Impey, who is four, is an artist who attains his effects with an enviable economy of line. This picture is of his sister Evelyn, and he is also represented by a picture, "The Plant," which was honoured by a mention in the "Times" review of the Exhibition

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Malcolm MacGowan Cooper

Left: Malcolm MacGowan Cooper (University College) is to captain Oxford's XV. for the season 1936-7. He is from New Zealand, and besides turning out several times for the All Blacks he has been chosen to play for Scotland at Murrayfield on the 11th

Right: Peter Candler (Sherborne and Pembroke) was the only Cambridge man in the home team against the All Blacks on Saturday. Oxford had four representatives: Owen-Smith, Cranmer, Nicholson, and Obolensky

Peter Candler

Good-bye, All Blacks!

I SUPPOSE we might with profit compose some good resolutions for the Rugby footballer's New Year. "I will not," we might suggest, "hand the ball back in the scrummage." "I will not," a scrum-half might add, "put the ball in crooked. I will not, in short, transgress the spirit of the laws"—and referees will have a perfectly lovely time.

We might, as I say, work out some such code of amiable intentions, even at the risk of wasting time, but I don't feel particularly virtuous to-day. I just feel relieved, for the New Zealand tour is over. And that, I shall be told, is a nice friendly, tactful way of starting the New Year!

You must not imagine, though, that I wish to speed the parting guests. Not a bit of it. A more likeable touring team than the 1935 All Blacks has never visited this country. They have made friends wherever they have been. Salutations, therefore, to Jack—if I may be so familiar—Manchester and his men. I hope they will take back to New Zealand memories as happy as those they leave behind.

I WILL not deny, though, that the tour has imposed a certain strain upon the ardent spectator. The travelling was bad enough, and here I must put in a word of sympathy for the All Blacks, who were carted about most unnecessarily, it seemed to me. Why did they have to go twice to Scotland and three times to Wales? Why was there a month or so between their two games on the South coast? Why could they not play all their games in Scotland at one go, making their headquarters at some pleasant and central spot? The answer is quite simple. The gates would have suffered—or so the pundits say. I hate to introduce so sordid a subject as money, but money talks, even in Rugby football. Money talked to the extent of £16,000 in the Rugby Union coffers by November for last Saturday's England and New Zealand match alone. And, mark you, a ticket in the furthermost corner of the north stand cost just as much as a ticket bang in the middle of the front row in the west stand. No haggling about filthy lucre there. Ten shillings is the price to you, sir, and very lucky you are to have one of our nice seats.

It all goes to help the game along, of course. Without the Rugby Union where would the struggling clubs be? I know, I know—but I still obstinately maintain that a touring team should not be bundled about like a travelling circus just because of the gate. The All Blacks were worn out by travelling. They loathed the sight of a railway train. The idea of packing became so repugnant to them that they could not bear to discuss scrummage formations. And I doubt whether they were even in the right mood to appreciate the Beautiful English Countryside. All this is surely wrong. I hope the next tour will be planned with more consideration for the visiting team and less for the home coffers.

APART from long journeys, though, the first half of the season has been a time of considerable tension and excitement, and it is a relief, therefore, to turn again to domestic affairs. I should like to consider the lessons of the New Zealand tour, for there has been much to set us thinking during the last few weeks. I may return to this later, but in the meanwhile we have our own International season ahead of us.

It seems to me that Wales will take a lot of beating, particularly if they can find a real scrummaging pack. They played magnificently against New Zealand, but they were lucky, I think, to hold their opponents to three points in the first half. Lucky in the sense that New Zealand monopolised the ball in the tight, and should have scored many more tries, and would have scored them if their attack had had sufficient pace at first five-eighths. But how good those Welsh backs were! The All Blacks told me afterwards that Wooller was about the best centre they had ever seen, and that afternoon he was certainly tremendous. Cliff Jones, too, at stand-off half, gave the attack that essential initial speed, and with such a back division it is clearly the duty of the Welsh Selectors to find eight forwards who will concentrate on proper scrummaging. If they do not succeed in their search, we may have the tragedy of Cambridge all over again—great attack languishing for want of opportunities.

I have a feeling that when Wales meet Scotland we may see the outstanding match of the year, if we except Wales's triumph against the All Blacks. But look at the rival back divisions—Tanner, Jones, Wooller, Davey, Idwal Rees, Rees-Jones, of Wales, and Logan, Shaw, Dick, Lind, Fyfe, and Forrest, of Scotland. On a reasonably dry day, with the ball coming out fast and cleanly, what a battle of pace and wits that should be! And I am not altogether sure that Wales would have the best of it. Shaw is a grand attacking stand-off half, and Dick and Lind are a brilliant pair of centres. I have not yet forgotten the shaking Lind gave New Zealand at Aberdeen, nor the way Dick raced through the All Blacks' defence at Murrayfield. Looking at these two sides, does it not strike you that the standard of Rugby football is fairly high just now? Maybe we are passing through a transitional stage as far as tactics go, and confused theory leads to some disappointing games. Individual players, however, are as brilliant as they ever were: I am convinced of that.

THEN there is Ireland, and the Irishmen are capable of upsetting any apple-cart, though they have no backs, apart from V. J. Morgan at scrum-half, to compare with the Welshmen and Scotsmen. They have the forwards, for all that, as New Zealand discovered at Belfast and Dublin.

About England I prefer to reserve judgment, since at the time of writing I have not seen them in action, and I am a little suspicious of the side here and there. On the whole, though, I think we are justified in looking forward to our International season with a considerable amount of relish.

Winter Sports

Where Snow Doesn't Count

Covered Court Tennis

Princess Tatiana Rose-Marie Wiasemsky, Mr. Gordon Selfridge's granddaughter, and Miss Audrey Cardinall (St. Paul's School) met in the first round of the Dulwich Covered Court tournament, and Miss Cardinall won 6—3, 6—0. She was a likely winner of the Cup last Saturday. It was Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky's first English tournament

Lady Mary Hope

Left: Lady Mary Hope and her miniature Sealyham were at the Linlithgow and Stirling meet at Philipstoun House, near South Queensferry. She is Lord Linlithgow's sister, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent

Hunting, Yes, But at Le Touquet

Mrs. Doris Walter, Sir Alfred Butt, avd Captain Frank Covell were among the Le Touquet Christmas-spenders, and blew the Casino cobwebs away by going out hunting with the Le Touquet hounds. This was the first time Le Touquet — meaning the Casino — had been open for Christmas—which makes its season an all-the-year-round one

Below: Sir Hugh Seely, M.P. for Berwick-upon-Tweed since November, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Miss Moyra Scott, and the Dowager Countess of Minto were all at the Buccleuch meet at Lilliesleaf last week

Swaebe

Shining Morning Faces— and Boots

Above: Lady Tubbs, Sir Stanley Tubbs' wife, the Hon. Rosamund Dormer, and her brother, Lord Dormer, were out with the Berkeley when they met at the Kennels at Berkeley, near Gloucester

Professional Golf in 1935

By J. S. F. Morrison

A view of the new club-house at the Gerrard's Cross Golf Club. It was opened recently by the president, Mr. S. Walker

Here is the committee of the Gerrard's Cross Club: (back row, l. to r.) Captain Bruce and Messrs. Ratcliffe, Denyster, Miller, Harper, and Riche; (front row) Messrs. Benedictus and Kingscote, with Mr. Walker, the president, in the middle

THE first professional competition of the year was, as usual, the Roehampton Invitation Tournament. In this tournament sixteen qualify, by thirty-six holes of medal play, to play off by match play; in 1935 a score of two rounds of five over an average of fours was good enough to qualify; this score was much higher than is usually the case, owing to the very unfavourable weather conditions.

Archie Compston, who had been suffering from ill-health for some months, showed a welcome return to good health and good golf; he won chiefly because he played the short game very well and putted as near perfectly as any golfer can.

Charles Whitcombe won the Dunlop-Southport Professional Tournament by one shot from Henry Cotton. Whitcombe played consistently good golf all through this tournament, when the weather conditions were so unfavourable that one day's play was abandoned owing to snow.

I am sure that every golfer will be pleased to hear that Cotton, when he required a three at the one-shot eighteenth hole to tie, refused to accept a hint that he should overclub and play for the crowd, which was enormous, at the back of the green.

Some of the most astounding golf of the year was played in this tournament by Alfred Padgham. In a heavy snowstorm, with the greens and remainder of the course covered with snow, he holed the first nine holes in 35 strokes before he was informed that play had been abandoned for the day. This was truly a miraculous performance, which only a really great golfer could accomplish.

Alfred Perry, as everyone knows, won the Open and thoroughly deserved his success. When victory was in sight there was no faltering, no sitting on the splice, but attack, attack all the time. At the end of his last round it never looked as though he would lose his lead; the only question was whether he would increase it. He played in peace, with few spectators, until the news flashed across the course that he had gone out in 32 in his third round; from this point until the end he was watched by nearly every spectator present, and they each and all certainly got their money's worth. Perry won finally by four strokes, which is the biggest winning margin in modern times.

Alfred Padgham, who is always close up and must surely win in the near future, was second, and, I was pleased to see, got some compensation for his defeat here by winning the *News of the World* professional tournament at Royal Mid-Surrey in September.

In the latter tournament many players produced amazing figures and gave people who had never been to America an idea that we had a good chance of winning the Ryder Cup match.

Captain Hugh Heppel, O.B.E., is secretary to the Formby (Lancs.) Golf Club, and has been appointed to the same position at the Addington Club, where he took up his duties on the first day of the year

AT a time when, owing to the good and consistent form of our professionals, a large number of people were shouting and writing that we had a very good chance of winning the Ryder Cup match, I wrote in the issue of the BYSTANDER of July 31st: "The heat and general climatic conditions in the U.S.A. are almost overwhelming against a British team, and consequently I can see little chance of our team meeting with success this year. I do hope that we shall play our best eight players and not follow the custom of previous years, when the whole ten have been played in either the singles or foursomes."

Unfortunately, the powers that be did follow the custom of previous years, and each and every member of the team had a game in the Ryder Cup. It was the same old, old blunder: "Poor old So-and-So: he has travelled all this way; we must give him a run."

But even without this blunder we would not have won at the Ridgewood County Club last year. Not only are the heat and general climatic conditions against a visiting team, but also the change of food.

When Basil Jarvis took the Derby winner, Papyrus, to the United States, he insisted on even taking the horse's drinking water with him from Newmarket.

It took Miss Wethered, who is a more accurate striker of the golf ball than any of our Ryder Cup team, over a fortnight to get acclimatised before she could produce her usual game; if the scores she did in her first fortnight's golf in the U.S.A. were eliminated, her average score for the tour would have been considerably less than it was.

Another handicap to the visiting team at the Ridgewood County Club was the fact that the match was played on different courses. The Ridgewood County Club possesses three loops of nine holes each, and each loop was brought into play; it is difficult enough for a visiting team to acquire an intimate knowledge of eighteen holes in a short time. To ask it to gain sufficient knowledge of twenty-seven holes is too much.

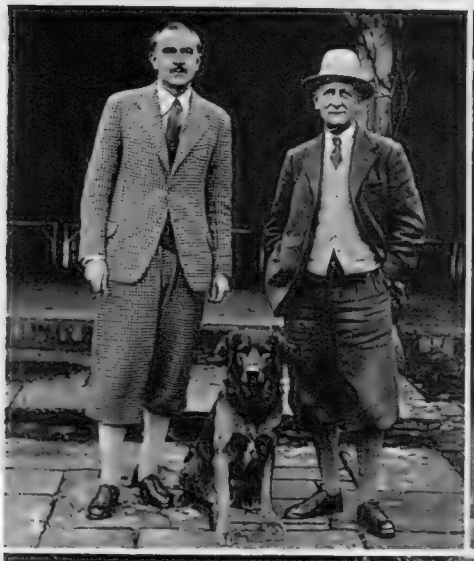
It has been said that our side were also at a disadvantage owing to a large amount of wet clover on the course. I do not agree with this argument, as I am certain our team has had just as great an experience of playing off clover as our opponents.

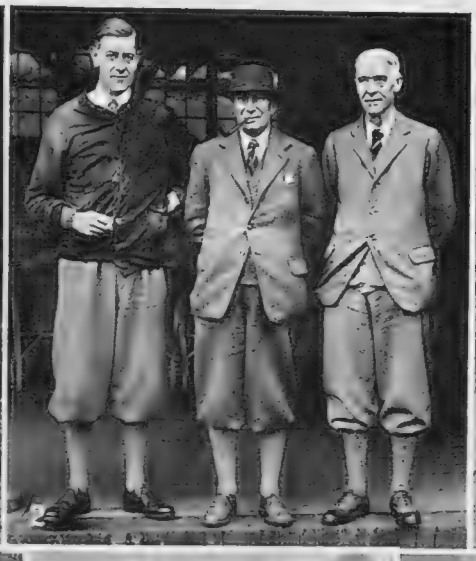
It appears to be the general opinion that we put up a very poor show in this match, but I do not agree with this. We certainly did badly in the Foursomes; our first three pairs were respectively 5, 6 and 7 down at lunch time, and certainly should not have been so many down even if they were playing against super golf.

We, in my opinion, did well in the singles. Percy Alliss won his match, and Cox and Perry halved theirs; while our defeats were by narrow margins for matches over thirty-six holes. We suffered defeat in the remaining matches by 3 and 2, 5 and 3, 2 and 1, 4 and 2, and 3 and 2.

The general form shown by our leading professionals in 1935 in the important competitions was the best seen for very many years.

A View of the Club-house





Golf Clubs at Home

West Surrey Club, Godalming

(1) Captain Lewis Coker (captain of club) and Lieut.-Colonel H. A. D. Richards, C.M.G., D.S.O. (secretary). (2) H. B. Keeping and W. H. Pilcher (both ex-captains and committee members), with Robert Large in the middle. (3) H. P. Jillard, M.B.E. (ex-director and ex-captain) and R. V. Carr (ex-captain). (4) A. Mansfield, W. R. Taylor (committee member) and H. D. Stratton. (5) Comdr. Fancourt, R.N., and S. Browne (committee member). (6) G. Smith, D. Cox, and G. St. G. Kelton. (7) Eric Goodhead (committee member) and M. W. Pilcher. (8) J. Cooper (steward) and A. J. Howlett (professional)

Flying To Foreign Parts

By Charles Ward

Lord Ronaldshay pays a flying visit to the Maharaja of Rajpipla, who has returned for the winter to his State in India, where he entertains as lavishly as he does in England during the season

Miss Betty Malcolm with her "Leopard." She has been putting in plenty of hours at Brooklands, prior to tackling a long-distance flight

National Airports

THE rapid growth of air transport and increased speed on the air-lines is causing much debate on the subject of airports—whether they should be local and municipal or national. Obviously, capital cities such as London require their own airports for traffic to neighbouring countries and aerodromes to act as terminals for domestic airlines, but when travelling to Australia, South Africa, China, or Mexico, it does not matter much to the passenger where he emplanes, as long as it is some place in the British Isles connected by high speed services to the principal cities. Every winter we are reminded that Croydon is neither an ideal airport for London nor well placed as the British terminal for international services. British and foreign liners are forced to land at Lympne, Gravesend, Penshurst, and sometimes at R.A.F. aerodromes, because Croydon is invisible through fog. The scheme to build an airport at Ilford, covering 1000 acres, has only one thing to commend it, and that is size. Blind landings in fog will demand unobstructed runways at least one mile in length, and there is no landing-place near London offering this amount of space at the present time. When Imperial Airways' services to Africa and the Far East are operated by flying-boats, an airport for the British Isles will be built somewhere on the South Coast. Well-informed rumour has decreed that Portsmouth is the most likely place, communication with London being effected by train or by feeder air line to one of the Metropolitan airports. Similarly, the projected service across the Atlantic will have its Old World terminal probably in Southern Ireland, where several large areas of water have been surveyed. In a recent lecture, Sir Francis Shelmerdine, to whom our congratulations are offered on his knighthood, mentioned the difficulties experienced north of the Border in finding good sites to serve Glasgow and Edinburgh. He recommended that an airport should be chosen for Scotland and situated somewhere between its two principal cities.

Flying North, East and South

SIR PERCY MACKINNON, who is chairman of British Continental Airways, has returned from Sweden after concluding an arrangement to operate a British service to Stockholm, with a possible extension to Finland and Russia at a later date. Presumably the deal is dependent on the co-operation of K.L.M. and Swedish Aerotransport, the companies which operate the present line to Malmo. The shortest route between the latter city and the Swedish capital involves flying more than 300 miles over mountains and lakes—magnificent scenery, but a most difficult stretch in case of forced landing. The British company proposes to use the De Havilland "Express," which has four engines, and is therefore unlikely to come down at any intermediate point. Central Europe is reserved for Imperial Airways, their territory being roughly defined by a wedge with its northern boundary London-Berlin, and its western London-Paris-Marseilles. A British route to Portugal is being opened in the spring by Crilly Airways, which has obtained an air-mail contract from London to Lisbon. Intermediate calls will be made at Paris, Bordeaux, and Madrid. Sunny Spain and Portugal will thus be brought within nine hours of London. The Portuguese Government is also arranging for mail from South America to be borne on this route, the time saved on letters to Britain being two days.

Round About Heston

THERE is an intimate connection between the Abyssinian war and Heston, for most of the photographs and films that have been seen in England were flown to Cairo to catch the British or Dutch air mail by Heston pilots, notably Captain Birkett and Mr. Newman. Their 'planes were a "Leopard" Moth and a Miles "Merlin," both being taxiplanes belonging to the Birkett Air Service. Mr. Newman was stationed in Addis Ababa, where he was summoned to appear before the Emperor in order to give an account of some of his flights. Recent sales at Heston include the Gipsy VI. "Falcon," of King's Cup fame, to Mr. A. N. T. Rankin and his wife, who handed in their "Leopard" Moth in part exchange. Mr. C. J. Melrose has ordered one of the new "Phœnix" monoplanes for taxi work in Australia. Amongst soloists are Mr. Louis Veber, Miss Margaret Templeton, and Colonel Toeplitz, the Italian film-producer, who bears a distinct resemblance to Marshal Balbo and Dr. Eckener, according to whether he smiles or not. At the beginning of March the Airwork staff is being reinforced by Flying-Officer Glover, at present chief instructor at Southend. Mr. L. A. Lafone becomes manager of the Technical Services Department, after spending three years with Misr-Airwork in Egypt.

"Squadrons of the Royal Air Force"

EDITED by Major F. A. de V. Robertson and illustrated by John Yoxall, this book, published by *Flight* at 7s. 6d., is easily the best value for money in aviation literature for many a day. Everyone wants to know something about our first line of defence, and here it is in the form of easy narrative, with facts guaranteed by the reputation of *Flight* editors and more than a hundred superb pictures. The daily work of the R.A.F., its organisation and training, with details of squadrons, has been recorded with minutest care.

THE

Monte Carlo

CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.

30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

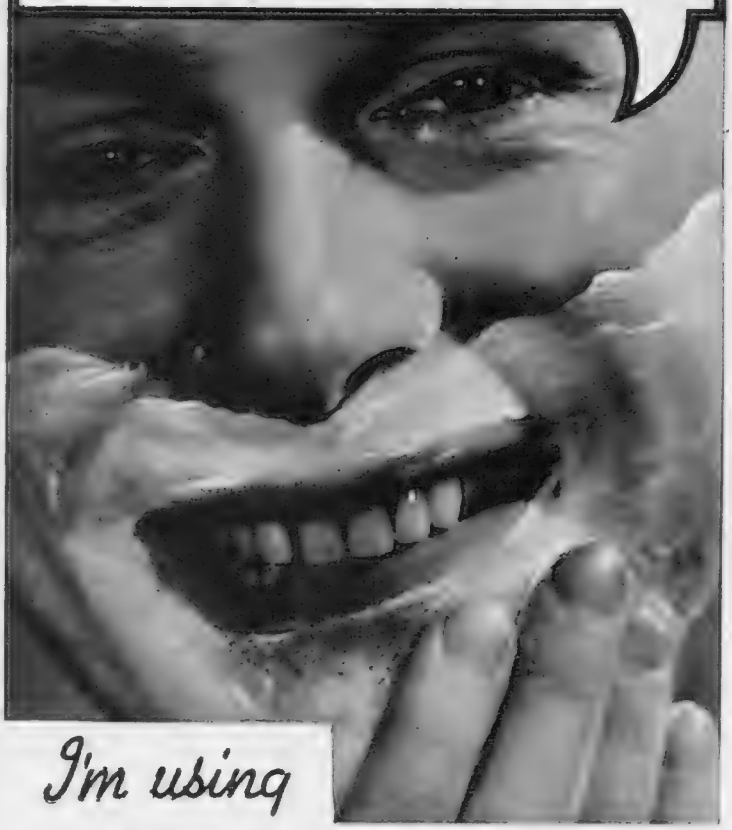
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Monte Carlo

My present shave without a brush ← beats all the shaves I ever had with one -



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Brother-and-Sister Winners

Women's Golf:

Left: Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp with her brother made the first brother-and-sister win since 1922 at Worplesdon. She may have more success in store for her this year

Right: Miss Carrie Tiernan (with béret) and Miss Phyllis Wade. Miss Tiernan was one of the golf discoveries of last year; she is Irish. Miss Wade is recently back from touring the Antipodes with the L.G.U. team

Miss Tiernan and Miss Wade on the Fairway

Potentialities of 1935

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT seems to me that I tread on extremely thorny ground this week. Is it too much to hope that some shreds of Christmas charity may still be remaining over, so that nobody will take offence if they are left out of this attempt to fill a gallery with the players of 1935 who gave promise of better still to come? Last week at least I was on a safe ground of facts; nobody could dispute who had won, or been runner-up, in the biggest events. This week I propose boldly to chat about a few others who, without carrying off chief laurels, yet plucked at the bushes with enough insistence to give promise of really gathering them next year. And by now, "next" year is "this" year, and before going any further, let me just tell you that the Girls' Championship is fixed for September 9th, 10th and 11th, with the International match between England and Scotland on Monday the 7th.

TALK of the Girls' Championship naturally induces thought of any potential champions discovered in those exciting days at Stoke Poges last September. That is rather a difficult point. Refuge might be taken in generalities, which means recalling that the majority of Girl Champions have subsequently added Open or English or Scottish to the first title before many years were out; that others who have failed to win at Stoke but have done well there, have similarly absorbed limelight later; and that it is only reasonable to suppose that the 1935 entry, who were of an extremely high standard, will do the same. On the other hand, it was the younger players, Joan Pemberton, Sheila Stroyan, Sonia Swinburne Johnson, Peggy Bullard, who were the most impressive, and for their fulfilment in scratch circles we must necessarily wait. The Girl Champion herself, Miss Peggy Falkner, because she is older, challenges comparison with more mature golfers, and it is permissible to wonder how far and how soon she will climb their ladder. If her golf at present lacks conconviction which perfect style carries, it is wise to remember that exactly the same was said of Miss Diana Fishwick when she won two Girls' Championships. There were plenty of critics—I had better own up now that I was one of them—who said: "Ah, yes; but she has shot her bolt, she won't go any further." How much further she has gone, as Open, English and French Champion, British International, and the whole bag of tricks, is a matter of history.

NOW there is one player, with no titles as yet to her name, of whose future everyone is quite sure, provided, of course, that she is able to play sufficient golf of the right high type. That is Miss Carrie Tiernan, who ought to bring back to Ireland some of the prestige which left that country when the Hezlet family and Miss Rhona Adair gave over winning championships.

When the championship was played at Royal County Down last May, she was only eighteen years old. She won two of her Internationals, and then went away with a burst in the Championship, putting out first Miss Diana Fishwick, and then Miss Jean McCulloch, before losing on the last green to Miss Mervyn Barton, by which time Miss Tiernan's name was in every mouth. She has a power and crispness, an armoury of shots which really impress. Complete success may tarry awhile, but it is certain that, unless foolish and false friends do that most unkind of things, ruin her game with overpraise, she must reach topmost rank. Hers is the best style Ireland has produced this many a long day. Worplesdon, too, rang with her praises, and it was only in the fifth round that she and Dr. Gordon went out to the eventual winners.

The winners of the December Monthly Medal Competition and the Yearly Cup will be announced next week.

Although Miss Peggy Falkner, the Girl Champion of 1935, will be too old for Stoke Poges this year, she should go a long way in the golf world

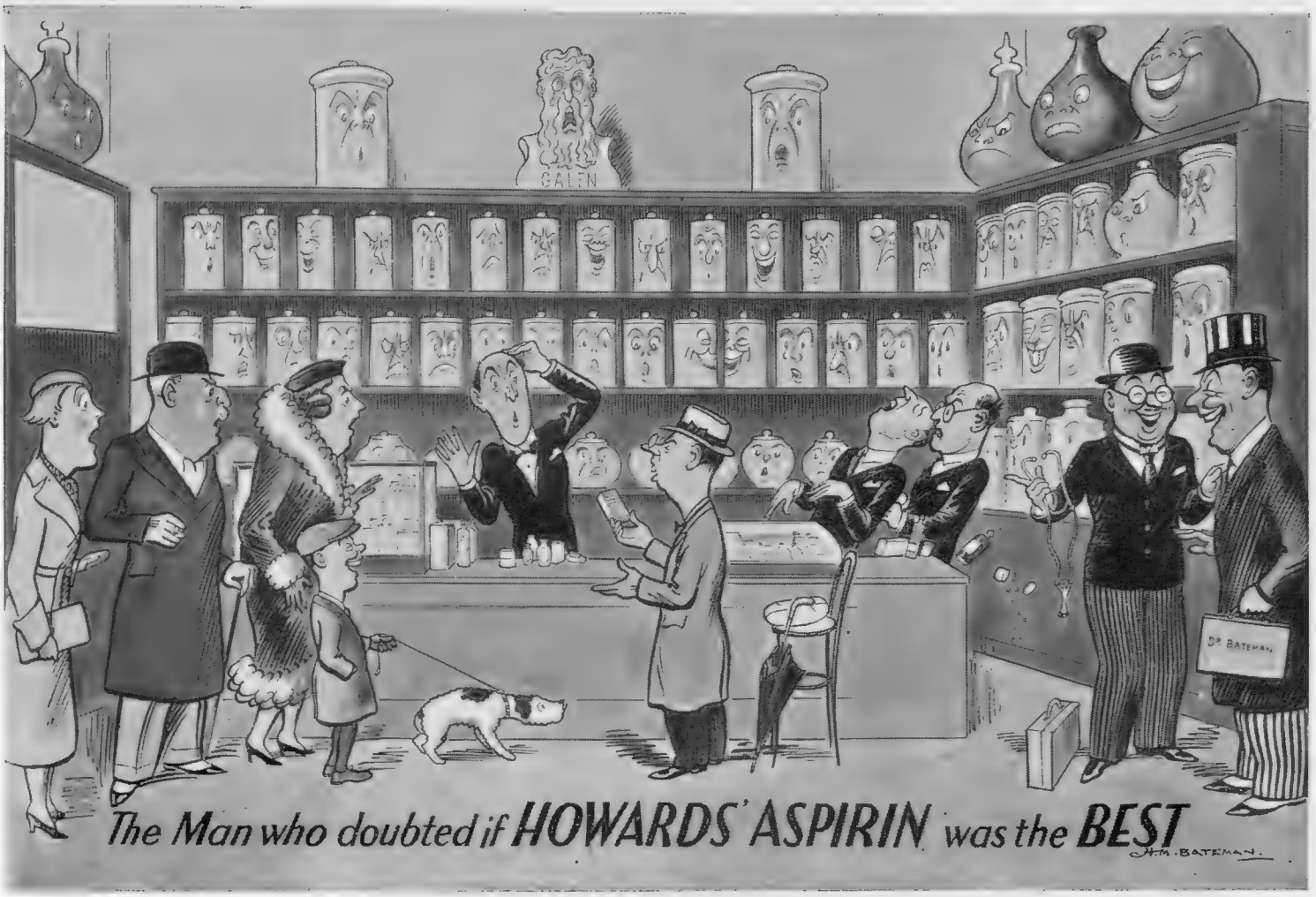
MENTION of Worplesdon recalls the name Cradock-Hartopp, which will be for ever venerated there by reason of the first brother-and-sister win since 1922. It was the crown of much steady achievement on the part of the sister, of brilliance on that of the brother. Miss Cradock-Hartopp was in no small measure responsible for the wins of the Midland and the Scottish Foursomes, the running-up in the Northern, which rewarded the faithful partnership of herself and Miss Bridget Newell, and since she seems to have played herself through a patch of bad golf and no confidence, there would seem every probability of good things for her in 1936.

The same must be said of Miss Bridget Newell, who, besides these Foursomes successes with Miss Hartopp, partnered Mr. D. S. Piper to victory in the Woodhall Spa Central England Foursomes, and has now definitely established herself as a class golfer who cannot be overlooked in forecasting any event for which she enters. At Newcastle she qualified equal fifth, and put out Miss Chambers, Mrs. J. B. Watson, and Miss Garnham before losing to Miss Jessie Anderson 3 and 2. At Birkdale, in the English, she was freely picked as a likely champion, and it was only in the sixth round that Mrs. Garon beat her at the 19th, in one of the most memorable matches of a memorable week. Miss Newell hits the ball rather further than anybody else; when her short game matches it she will indeed take some stopping.

It was at Birkdale that Miss Margaret Hodgson, the young Northumbrian, took the golfing world by surprise. She, too, ought to have a big future before her when experience is hers as well as promise.

So, you see, there is good material. It remains to be seen what 1936 can make of it. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.



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Cars with a Personality

The 16-h.p. Standard

By
The Earl of Cardigan

The 16-h.p. Standard is a car of really useful size. It will seat five people comfortably, and give an excellent road performance

Left: there is ample space, not only in front, but at the back as well. With arm-rests, foot-rests and folding-tables, the back compartment could hardly be more luxurious

THE type of car which we designate a "Sixteen" has lately, I think, been enjoying rather less than its fair share of the limelight. It remains, however, a very firm favourite with the general public—and it is difficult to think of any big range of cars in which a model of approximately 16 h.p. is not included.

There is reason in this. The "Sixteen" is, par excellence, the *useful* type of car. It is of very comfortable size and power, without being too expensive either in first cost or in maintenance. Of all this the 16-h.p. Standard is an excellent example. Its overall dimensions are not great; but the coachwork is roomy, and five people can be carried very easily, with ample head-room and leg-room for all.

THE two front seats are separate, and a disappearing arm-rest makes the back seat convenient for either two or three to sit abreast. The driving position is one of real comfort—and a good point is that the hand-brake (which, incidentally, has a nice "gentlemanly" action), is well placed for occasional use. Another excellent feature is that the steering column is "telescopic," and so adjustable for length. As one who prefers to sit well back when driving, I find it uncommonly pleasant to be able to get the wheel just where I like it.

The 16-h.p. engine is, of course, a "six," paying a £12 tax. One's first impression is of its smoothness and silence; but it does not take long to discover that it also is remarkable for good and effortless acceleration. Thus, on the open road a high average speed can be steadily maintained.

The maximum figures are given in the catalogue as 50 m.p.h. for third gear and 68 m.p.h. for "top." This tallies well with my own tests of the car's speed capacity. I had noted down 50 m.p.h. in the one case and 65-70 m.p.h. in the other before seeing the official data. The useful second gear is credited with 30 m.p.h.

The gear-box is a very pleasant one to use, having its second, third and top ratios all synchro-mesh. To all intents and purposes—bottom gear being hardly ever needed—this makes it entirely fool-proof, so that every change can be made with rapidity and assurance.

THE springing is thoroughly comfortable, and the brakes are most efficient, delivering great power in a pleasantly progressive manner. The steering has comparatively little self-centring action, and, in my opinion, could be improved if this "castor" effect was more in evidence. A good chassis feature is the provision of permanent jacks—these being of the mechanical type. There is also a locker enclosing the spare wheel, with a panel which is lowered to form a luggage-platform. The Saloon de Luxe model is quoted at £269—at which figure it should prove a real attraction

There is a useful luggage-platform at the back. When this is not in use, the spare wheel is completely enclosed

Right: the controls are well arranged. A very good point is that the steering column is adjustable for length. Only a single locking clip has to be moved

who enjoy the alluring charm of this wonderful wine, are high in its praise.

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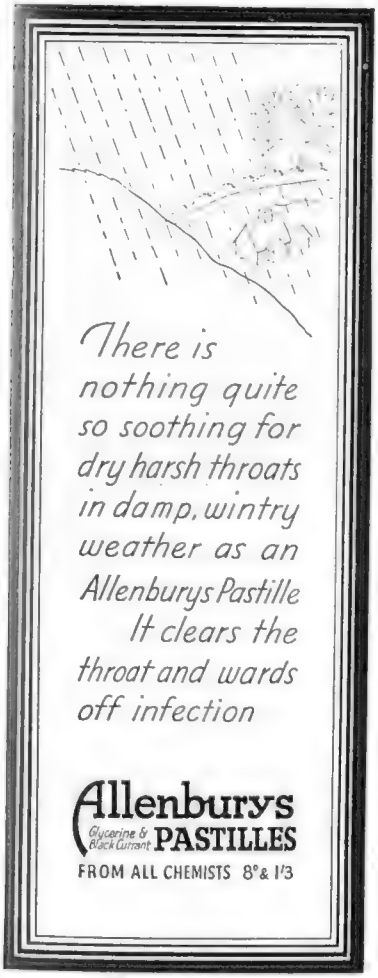

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HAPPY DAYS AHEAD!

They are all off to the Riviera—all the old habitués and many new visitors too. Professional men, business men, even people with the most modest means who have felt unable to stand the expense, now find that with the reduced cost of travel and hotels they can easily afford a glorious time in the gaiety and sunshine of the Riviera. Tony is not a Crœsus ; he has to watch every penny ; but even he agrees that it would be a sin to miss this glorious opportunity, especially as we are saving over £5 on the special 30-day Return Tickets as well as 25% on our Wagons-Lits. So we are off to-morrow for the holiday of our dreams—why not come with us too ?

The French Riviera offers you a holiday that for interest, entertainment, healthfulness and luxury cannot be equalled. *To-day—cost is lower than ever—fares and Hotel prices greatly reduced ! Never before has it been possible to do so much for so little outlay.*

THE French Riviera

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A Guide to Shoppers

An Evening Blouse for Informal Wear

THERE are so many occasions when informal dress is required, that an evening blouse or coatee has become an essential part of a woman's wardrobe. It can be made in any rich material, such as lamé, cloqué, or printed satin, and should be accompanied by a long, slim-fitting skirt. Moiré is also very becoming and is used for the coatee on the right, which may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is cut on severe lines, similar to those of a man's dinner-jacket, with tailored collar and revers. The price is only 49s. 6d., and it is available in black or white. Needless to say, there are many other designs, including multi-coloured lamé blouses with softly draped neck-lines and full bishop sleeves.

Reductions for One Week Only

ON Monday, January 13th, Harrods will be starting their winter sale, which only lasts one week. It is undoubtedly one of the most important events of the season, as there are drastic reductions in every department. The catalogue, by the way, is worthy of careful study, and will gladly be sent gratis on application. In the fur department, models are selling at less than half-price. These include a collection of American broadtail and Persian lamb coats, with luxurious fur collars, for fifteen guineas; also a few models in café Russian ermine, which are marked down from 120 guineas to 59 guineas. For the country there are smart tweed coats, also available in plain cloth, with wide revers of Indian lamb, reduced from 8½ guineas to £5.

A Golden Opportunity

NO one should miss the opportunity of visiting Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, whose winter sale is now progressing. Their catalogue, entitled "The Book of Bargains," will be sent post free by request, and is full of interesting announcements. It seems hardly necessary to add that there are outstanding reductions in every department, and particularly the fashion floors. Model suits and ensembles in tweeds and suitings are reduced to £6 and 6½ guineas. The former is the price of a very smart travelling outfit in Yorkshire tweed with a broken check. It consists of a short coat and skirt accompanied by a three-quarter-length top-coat. For evening, there are charming dinner and dance frocks, many of them selling at less than half-price.

Bargains in Every Department

ANOTHER happy hunting-ground for the bargain-hunter is Woollands, Knightsbridge, whose winter sale is progressing and will last until the end of the month. There are exceptional reductions in the fur department, where moleskin finger-tip capes are only ten guineas, and three-quarter-length saunter coats in kid paw dyed a warm shade of café are nineteen guineas. From the inexpensive department on the ground floor, there are charming evening frocks for the debutante at sixty and seventy shillings, reduced from four and five guineas; also cruising frocks for 25s., in crease-resisting material which suggests linen. Fur-trimmed coats in fine-quality wool cloth with luxurious collars of Arctic fox are reduced from 37 and 39 guineas to 15 and 12 guineas.

This delightful coatee is designed for bridge or evening wear, and may be seen at Harrods. The severe tailored lines suggest those of a man's dinner-jacket, while the material is a heavy quality moiré silk. It can be made in either black or white, and only costs 49s. 6d.

The Editor's Box

"Debrett" for 1936

It is a perpetual marvel that those concerned with its production are able to get out a new and up-to-date *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage*—to give it its title in extenso—within the course of twelve months, for its almost 3,000 pages contain so gargantuan a mass of facts that it seems almost incredible they could be marshalled in a single year. However, under the editorship of C. F. J. Hankinson, the 1936 *Debrett* has once again appeared on time, and records events within the scope of the volume until as recent a date as November 30th. Apart from full particulars of all holders of titles, a most interesting preface deals with many outstanding events of the past year, including his Majesty's Silver Jubilee, Royal Weddings, the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the restoration of the King of Greece, and the General Election. The 1936 *Debrett*, cloth-bound, costs 84s., and is published by Dean and Son, Ltd., 6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

The New "Who's Who"

To all those who wish to keep abreast of the day's affairs—which is to say, every sensible person—a copy of the 1936 *Who's Who* is a real necessity. There's nothing heavy or stuffy about *Who's Who*, which has been aptly described as a biographical omnibus book, for in its pages you can read of those who have attained fame in every walk of life. Their achievements, their recreations, their addresses, their clubs, even their telephone numbers and motor-car numbers are duly recorded, and the manner in which the facts are marshalled, no less than the clarity of the print used, makes it an easy task to learn all the salient facts about no fewer than 40,000 men and women who matter. Published by A. and C. Black, Ltd., 4, 5, and 6, Soho Square, W.1, *Who's Who* costs £3 in buckram binding and an extra three shillings if you prefer it with a strong library binding with leather back. Incidentally, inland postage costs 9d.

"The South African Year Book, 1936"

The forty-second issue of the *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, that for 1936, has appeared. It contains several new features as well as the regular information useful and necessary to all interested in Africa, from the serious problem of colour to a classification of game, big and little. The *Year Book* is published for the Union Castle Steamship Co. by Sampson Low, Marston and Co., and it costs half a crown (3s. post free in U.K., or 3s. 3d. abroad).

Convents, Parish Clerks, and Others

Kelly's, the Directory kings, have also produced their handbooks for the new year, all of which are useful and many of which are amusing or instructive. The 1936 *Post Office London Directory* contains as many sections, sub-sections and corners as the city it deals with, giving as it does such odd facts as the classification of London convents and of Livery Companies (including that of the Bowyers and Broderers). The *Directory* is published at 55s. (cloth), and 70s. (leather).

Another Kelly publication is the 1936 edition of the *Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide* (7s. 6d. post free). Up-to-date sections include a list of golf clubs, with the Secretary's name, fees, and nearest railway station, as well as the usual mine of information regarding the Royal Households, the Ministry, the Upper and Lower Houses, Government Offices, and Clubs.

For the socialite, Kelly's publish an invaluable friend in their *Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes*, 1936 edition. This masterpiece of compressed biographies and classification contains thirty thousand personal histories. A hunting section gives subscription, cap, Master and secretary (with addresses), kennels, and convenient towns of every Hunt in the Kingdom. The *Handbook* is published at 40s. (post free). All three volumes may be had from Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 8—January 14

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—This is a nice entertaining comedy, well acted; Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy are hero and heroine; Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake contribute amusingly: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production and his Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet, Laurence Olivier's Mercutio, Edith Evans's Nurse are all unforgettable; perfect Shakespeare: New, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Christmas production: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30, to January 11th.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall, and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 70.—Joan Miller's cameo character-studies and Erikson's card manipulations are new; Eric Barker, Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, are among the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; Naunton Wayne and Hugh E. Wright are compère and the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Thrice daily, comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 2.30, 6.15 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 2.30, 6.15 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun: Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30.

Holiday Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Bigger and better than ever—it always is: Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

BLUE BELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Lorna Hubbard in Seymour Hicks's musical dream-play: Scala, 2.30.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—Alma Taylor and Frank Freeman are in it: Garrick, 2 and 5.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

PETER PAN.—Nova Pilbeam as Peter, Violet Loxley as Wendy, Carol Goodner as Mrs. Darling, George Hayes as Hook: Palladium, matinées, 2.15.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; or, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Silver Jubilee production: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

First Nights

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence arrive in London at last in the first three of Coward's nine pieces: Phœnix, January 9th.

RICHARD III.—William Devlin as Gloucester, Ion Swinley as Edward IV., Helen Haye as Margaret, Esme Beringer as the Duchess of York: Old Vic, January 14th.

CINEMAS

THE BRIDE COMES HOME.—Claudette Colbert and Fred Macmurray in an amusing new comedy: Plaza.

FOREIGN AFFAIRES.—Another Walls-Lynn-Hare team-up in a new farce by Ben Travers: Capitol.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—See this: Clair has made an extra entertaining film of it; Robert Donat is the Scottish hero: Leicester Square.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who foils a gang of financial sharks: New Gallery.

I FOUND STELLA PARISH.—Here are Kay Francis, Ian Hunter and Paul Lucas in some kind of a sentimental triangle: Regal.

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Conrad Veidt as chief rebel convict of this penal settlement thriller: Helen Vinson's the only girl: Tivoli.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.—Charles Laughton and Clark Gable are in this brilliant cruel sea film of Captain Bligh and his mutineers: Empire.

SANS FAMILLE.—Robert (*Poil de Carotte*) Lynen is the young adventurer of this attractive film: Academy.

2ND BUREAU.—A French spy-film, with Vera Korene and Jean Murat as stars: Curzon.

SPLENDOUR.—Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea top the bill in this picture: London Pavilion.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton (last week).

THE TUNNEL.—The under-the-Atlantic thriller, with Leslie Banks, Richard Dix, and Madge Evans, is showing again: Marble Arch Pavilion.

WALT DISNEY.—A whole programme of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies: Tatler.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE SNOW MAIDEN: to-night, 7.45.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: January 9th, 8.

HANSEL AND GRETEL and the NURSERY SUITE: January 11th, 2.30.

FAUST, with full ballet: January 11th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CARNAVAL, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING (first performance), BAISER DE LA FÉE: January 10th, 8.30.

FÊTE POLONAISE, RAKE'S PROGRESS, BAISER DE LA FÉE: January 14th, 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

WINTER PROMENADES.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra for a two weeks' season: Queen's Hall, 8.

January 8th: Bach concert.

January 9th: Russian concert.

January 10th: Beethoven-Handel concert.

January 11th: Saturday programme and the last concert of the series.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House; week-days 9.30—7 (Thurs. till 10).

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Borrah Minevitch and his mouth-organ boys are first-class, and so funny; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 's always a three-turn cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—Les Girls dance and sing, Diana Ward croons, and the Caligary Brothers indescribably perform; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The new cabaret includes George Beatty, half-singer, half-wit; Harriet Hutchins from Broadway, and a dancing couple; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Antonia Ramsden

Is the younger daughter of Mr. F. H. Ramsden and Mrs. Ramsden, of 71, Cambridge Terrace, London, W.2; she is engaged to Cecil A. Joll, M.S. (Lond.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.), of 64, Harley St., London, W.1

Olga Webb

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Webb, of Faneswood, Sevenoaks; she is engaged to Ronald MacInnes, son of the Rev. J. and Mrs. MacInnes, of Shenley, Herts. Both Miss Webb and her fiancé are keen tennis players; she captained the Kent Women's team, and he gained his Blue at Cambridge

Bassano

Joyce Willis

Is the youngest daughter of Col. Sir George H. Willis, C.I.E., M.V.O., and Mrs. Willis, of Glencot, Fleet, Hampshire; she is engaged to Leonard E. Kann, only surviving son of Mr. René Kann, of Paris, and Mrs. Kann, of Lowndes Square, S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Hanson

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hanson, of Beauvale, Greasley, Nottinghamshire; she is engaged to Robert L. Matson, younger son of Mr. A. V. Matson, and the late Mrs. Matson, of Tarporley, Cheshire

Bassano

Irene Evans

Is the eldest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Evans, of the Beacon, Penn, Buckinghamshire; she is engaged to Gerald Houldey, of Rangoon, son of Mr. J. E. Houldey, I.C.S. (retired), and Mrs. Houldey, of Etherley, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire

Lenare

Rosamond Parkin

Is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Parkin, and Mrs. Parkin, of Truro Vean, Truro; she is engaged to John Bryan Churcher, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. B. T. Churcher, Queen's Regiment, and Mrs. Churcher, of Orchard Cottage, Wargrave, Berkshire

BRIDES AND THEIR GROOMS

Milne — Paget

Edward A. Milne, son of the late Edward Milne, and Mrs. Milne, of Edgbaston, and Joan Marjorie Paget, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Paget, of Berkeley Street, London, and Sydney, Australia, were married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, Strand

Dathan — Nicholls

Lieut.-Com. John H. Dathan, R.N., elder son of the late Rev. J. D. Dathan, R.N., and Mrs. Dathan, of St. Martin's, East Bergholt, Suffolk, and Evelyn Beddingfield Nicholls, elder daughter of Surgeon-Rear-Admiral P. T. Nicholls, C.B., and Mrs. Nicholls, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Reid — Brown

Captain R. J. Reid, India Medical Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Reid, Ballina, Co. Mayo, and Lenora Brown, only daughter of Lieut-Col. G. Brown, D.S.O., R.E., and Mrs. Brown, of Rawalpindi, India, were married recently

Napier — Armes

Basil Mark Napier, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Napier, of Puttendene Manor, Lingfield, Surrey, and Elizabeth Jean Armes, eldest daughter of Colonel R. J. Armes and Mrs. Campbell Armes, of Burton Court, Chelsea, were married at St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, Holborn

Hechle — Macpherson

James R. Hechle, younger son of the late Mr. J. H. Hechle, and Mrs. Hechle, of Birnam, Camberley, and Alexa Mildred Macpherson, only daughter of Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson, a son of the late Sir William Macpherson, were married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta. The groom is a well-known Calcutta sportsman

Durnford-Slater — Gregson

Lieut.-Com. Leonard Francis Durnford-Slater, R.N., elder son of the late Captain Leonard Durnford-Slater, and Mrs. Durnford-Slater, of Instow, North Devon, and Alice Hilleary (Sally) Gregson, only daughter of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. Gregson, of Rake, Liss, Hampshire, were married at St. Luke's Church, Liphook

Westron — Harrison

Hilary Westron, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Westron, of Grenville Place, S.W., and Philippine Harrison, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison, of Lexham Gardens, Kensington, were married at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Schilizzi — Waldegrave

John Stephen Schilizzi, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Schilizzi, of Loddington Hall, Kettering, and Lady Gabrielle Sophia Annette Waldegrave, youngest daughter of the Rev. Earl of Waldegrave, and Lady Waldegrave, of Oddgest, Ston Easton, Bath, were married at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Chewton Mendip

Bingley — Williams

Robert Ferdinand Davenport Fanshawe Bingley, son of the late Rev. Edward Fanshawe Bingley, and Mrs. Bingley, of Thornham, Eye, Suffolk, and Dorothy Joan Williams, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Williams, of 10, Erskine Hill, Hampstead, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, Chelsea

Horne — Notcutt

Ronald Horne, son of the late Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., and Audrey Notcutt, were married at the Temple Church, E.C. The bride and groom are both barristers, the former of Lincoln's Inn and the latter of the Middle Temple

Mathieson — Darnborough

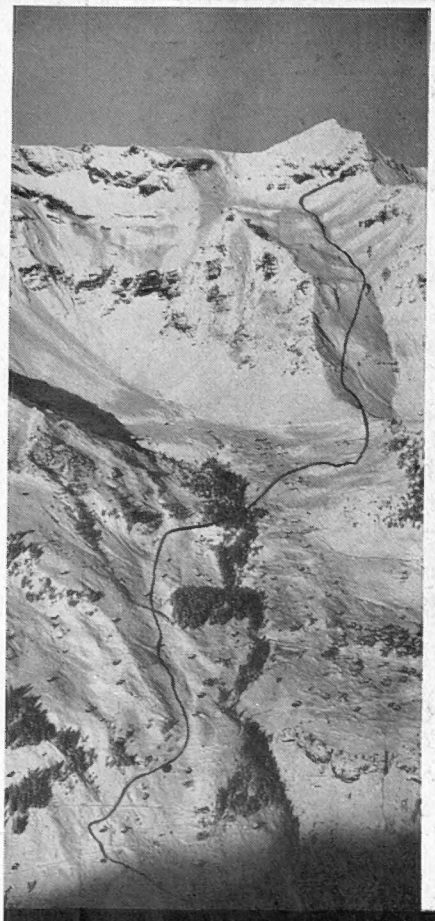
James Muir Mathieson and Hermione Marie Louise Darnborough, daughter of Mr. William Darnborough, were married at Brompton Oratory. The bride was ballerina in the recent Albert Hall production of "Hiawatha," and a well-known member of the Vic-Wells Ballet. The groom is the noted young Scots conductor

Morrison-Scott — Layton

Terence Charles Stuart Morrison-Scott, only son of Baroness Quarles van Ufford, of 44, Belgrave Street, and Rita Layton, youngest daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Layton, and Mrs. Layton, of 14, Hanover Terrace, N.W.1, were married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

Bostock — Venables

John Bostock, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bostock, of Sparsholt Manor, Winchester, and Elisabeth Venables, eldest daughter of the Rev. Malcolm and Mrs. Venables, of the Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married at the Harrow School Chapel. The groom is mathematics master at the school



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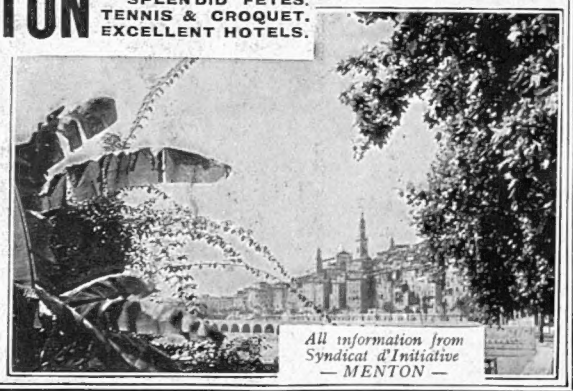

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Bernardo Tasso accompanied the Prince of Salerno, but when they arrived in Nuremberg they found that Don Pedro had forestalled them. He had sent an emissary of his own to the Emperor describing from his own viewpoint the seditions and disorders of Naples, and accusing the Prince of Salerno as the instigator.

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